

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,

### THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGUENOT EXILES," ETC.

(Continued in No. 71.)

#### CHAPTER VIII.



PARTY of equestrians came at a brisk pace through the narrow valley, and the heart of one among them leaped at the sound of the brawling stream that rushed through it, for she knew it was the music of her childish years that again greeted her approach to the mountain solitude with which her first memories of conscious existence were entwined.

At the head of the party rode an elderly man of commanding appearance and noble expression; and by his side, mounted on an elegant and spirited horse of a dark chestnut color, was a young girl, with her veil thrown back and her bright face glowing with health and animation. She was very pretty and graceful, but there was nothing brilliant or striking in the sweet face and feminine person, though there was much that was charming and loveable about her.

A staid-looking negro followed a few paces in the rear, who glanced suspiciously from side to side, as if he feared an onslaught from some concealed foe. Suddenly the rapid approach of a horse was heard, and the black became husky with fear; his teeth chattered in his head, as he exclaimed,

"The Lord a massy, dere dey comes sure as shootin.' Oh lor, marster, what'll we do now? Has you got the pistols ready?"

"Ready for what?" asked the gentleman. "What on earth

can you be afraid of in these dreary hills? I'm sure you will find nothing here worse than yourself."

"Oh, massa, I ain't no wild man o' de mountains—I ain't no robber, an' dey telled me at the house down yonder where we slept, dat we mought meet 'em bofe here. See! Dere he comes now! It's de debbil in the shape o' a black horse, oh my—oh my!"

"The evil one is bridled then, and I command you to catch him," replied his master, half laughing at his absurd fears; and as he spoke he threw his own steed across the road in such a manner as to intercept the wild career of the frightened animal that came furiously towards the party.

Reassured by his firmness, the negro caught the bridle as a momentary check was given to the headlong speed of the horse, and he stood panting and trembling in the firm grasp that held him. Almost immediately he commenced rearing again, and the gentleman exclaimed,

"Keep to one side, Dora; do not come near us, while I quiet this creature; some one has been thrown, I am certain, and we must carry back the horse to his owner."

"Hi, Marse Wentworth, you's gwine to git down under de heels o' dis critter, and git you' brains stomped out? Don't let him do it, Miss Dora," remonstrated the negro; but Mr. Wentworth was already upon the ground, examining the horse to see what had thrown him into such a condition of excitement as was evinced by his wild eyes and dilating nostrils.

The cause was soon evident; a small terrapin had fastened itself upon one of his heels, and still clung tenaciously to it in spite of all the creature's efforts to rid himself of him.

"Get down, Sim, and kill this nipperkin; he well deserves it, for no doubt he has caused either the death or severe injury of the rider of this noble animal. See how fast the little wretch clings to his hold."

"Hi, won't I smash him up, dat's all!" said Sim, with grinning delight, as he lifted a huge rock, and shied it at the terrapin so dextrously as to avoid the leg of the horse, while it dashed the poor victim down and killed him on the spot.

A few soothing words and gentle strokes of the hand restored



The man obeyed, and Mr. Wentworth and Dora followed across the shallow ford. "There he lies sure enough, uncle! Oh, I am afraid he is killed outright."

the refractory animal to quietness, and he stood with bent head and trembling limbs looking cowed and ashamed of his late escapade. Mr. Wentworth threw the bridle to his servant, and again mounted his own steed, as he said,

"Lead him slowly after us, Sim. We must proceed cautiously and search for his master. Keep in the rear, Dora, that if the poor fellow is seriously injured you may not come too suddenly on him; such sights are not pleasant to women."

The young lady grew slightly pale, but she said, "I have more firmness than you think; let me keep beside you, for if we find a wounded man, mine must be the hand to minister to him after all. You and Sim would never know what to do for him."

"Well—do as you please; but he may be killed outright, and that would be a terrible scene for you."

"I will risk it, at all events, for I am as anxious to find him as you are."

The three moved forward, examining the road with eager eyes as each turn brought a new portion in view; they reached the edge of the stream, and paused to survey the whole ground. Suddenly the captured horse uttered a glad neigh, and endeavored to release himself from the negro's guidance.

"Go with him," commanded his master; "he will probably lead you to the spot on which his owner lies."

The man obeyed, and Mr. Wentworth and Dora followed across the shallow ford: nothing was visible but jagged rocks and a low thicket of underwood; toward the latter the sagacious Saladin trotted, and looking eagerly forward the young girl uttered a cry—

"There he lies sure enough, uncle! Oh, I am afraid he is killed outright."

Mr. Wentworth sprang from his horse with the agility of a much younger man, and plunged into the thicket: with equal alacrity he was followed by Sim, whose courage had all returned when convinced that he had nothing to fear from the disabled traveller. The young lady gathered up her long riding skirt, and tucked it under the band around her slender waist; with one light spring she was on the ground, and



He stepped out into the yard, and was speedily followed by an ugly old crone carrying a pine torch in her hands."



throwing the bridle of her horse over a sapling that bent conveniently near her, she opened a basket that was strapped to one side of the negro's saddle and took from it a silver cup, with which she hastened to the stream.

As her uncle, aided by Sim, issued from the underwood bearing the insensible form of Arthur Clayton, she met them with a cup of water ready to offer to his pallid lips. They laid him on the beach, and Mr. Wentworth sustained his head, while his niece bathed his face, and endeavored to restore animation by rubbing his hands. Sim was kept busy running from the brook to his young lady with a fresh supply of water.

No external injury was visible, yet the kind hearts that ministered to him began to fear that he would never again revive; just as their efforts seemed to them useless, a faint tremulous motion of the eyelids showed that life yet lingered; and with renewed hope they recommenced. In a few moments Clayton sat up, and looked around with a bewildered air. Presently his eyes fell on the young girl who had taken so active a part in his restoration, and he started as he recognized her strong resemblance to the portrait he had seen in the cottage of the recluse. With his brain yet reeling from the shock it had received, he said,

"You look very young to have danced at General Washington's court. Fair Madeline Latour, I do not wonder that the hearts of all men bowed before you, for you look as good as you are lovely."

A silvery laugh fell from the lips of the girl, and she said,

"He takes me for my grandmother—yet where could he have seen her portrait, unless he has been a guest of my father's?"

"Nothing more likely than the latter; for we are but a few miles from the Hermitage," replied her uncle, "and this is some chance guest whose horse has thrown him on the only spot on which he would not have been dashed in pieces at once. Lucky for him that we found him, or he must have perished at any rate. He may thank your efforts, Dora, for his recovery."

While he thus spoke complete consciousness gradually returned to Clayton, and he attempted to rise, as he replied,

"The life you have restored is of little value to any save the owner, but he promises you, fair minister of mercy, that in the future he will endeavor to accomplish something which will give you the assurance, that not in vain was the veil lifted from the senseless being your humanity has rescued from death. Permit me, Mr. Wentworth, to return you my most grateful thanks for your assistance, without which I must have perished."

"You owe me none, sir, for an act of common humanity which I should have been a monster to refuse to a suffering fellow-creature. I trust you have quite recovered from the shock your fall gave you?"

"Very nearly. I do not think my bones are broken, and my head is too hard to be seriously affected long. Your resemblance to your brother, Mr. Wentworth, is so striking that I am sure I cannot be mistaken, even if in this young lady I did not behold the breathing image of a family portrait I saw upon his walls last night."

"I am right in my surmise then, sir, and you were on your way from my brother's when this accident happened to you. We were lucky enough to meet and arrest your horse in his flight, and your best course will be to return with us to the Hermitage, and rest there till you have recovered from the effects of your fall."

Arthur remembered the singular conduct of his late host, and the unceremonious dismissal of old Sambo, and he at once replied,

"Many thanks for your kindness, but I think it will be best for me to go on my way without further delay. The worst I have to apprehend is a severe head-ache, and that would scarcely be a sufficient excuse for again intruding on Mr. Wentworth."

"But in your present condition, is your horse to be trusted? He may throw you again," said a low sweet voice, and he turned to the fair speaker.

"He is a trusty animal, and why he should have so resented a sudden spur I give him I cannot understand, unless the fates were resolute that I should owe my life to the ministrations of an angel of mercy."

Miss Wentworth did not blush at his gallant speech, but a saucy smile severed her rosy lips, as she demurely said,

"Then they chose a singular method of bringing about such a dénouement, I must say. We found a terrapin fastened to the leg of your horse, and that caused his mad flight, leaving you on the road minus your senses."

"An unpoetic manner of accounting for what I would fain have believed was arranged by the busy sisters for some future purpose, to be developed by the events of which they have the control. I am glad at any rate that my trusty horse is less to blame than I thought."

"His horse is the sensiblest beast I ever seed," said Sim, who stood by holding his bridle. "He walked as straight up to what you was a-layin' as ef he had bin human; an' he looked kind o' sorry for what he had done, young marster."

"No doubt he was so, for Saladin and I are old friends, and we love each other passing well; though poor fellow! we must soon part. Mr. Wentworth, I will detain you no longer; with many thanks for the service you have rendered me, I will go on my way, carrying with me the grateful memories to which this hour has given birth."

He bowed and laid his hand upon the bridle of his horse, and was about to mount when Dora whispered a few words to her uncle, and he turned toward the young stranger, and asked,

"May we not learn the name of him we have been so fortunate as to assist? In the battle of life it may come to us as a noble sound in the future; or it may lead our steps again upon the same path that you are treading."

"Would the last might be; my name is Arthur Clayton."

Mr. Wentworth's face flushed, and he quickly asked,

"Of Clayton Park?"

"The nephew of Clayton of the Park," he answered, and springing upon his horse, he made a low bow to Miss Wentworth, and dashed across the stream.

An expression of surprise passed over the face of Mr. Wentworth, and he muttered,

"And he found shelter at the Hermitage! I wonder if Dickon knew who shared his hospitality. I throw it would hardly have offered to a Clayton."

The keen ears of his niece caught the meaning of his words, and she asked,

"What reason is there that a Clayton shall not be welcome beneath our roof, uncle? Is there any cause of ill blood between the two families?"

"Oh no, little one; it is not a Montague and Capulet affair at all; only a matter of personal hatred between the uncle of this young man and your father."

"What originated it?" asked Dora with interest.

"It is a long story, my dear, and involves family affairs that would be painful to you to hear; therefore you had best stifle your desire to learn anything concerning it."

He placed her on her horse, and the party was soon winding up the precipitous pathway over which Arthur Clayton had made his perilous journey a few hours before: the road was too narrow to permit two persons to ride abreast, and the conversation was interrupted until they commenced the gradual descent on the other side, where the way was smoother and more open. Dora Wentworth touched her spirited steed with her whip, and came up with her uncle. She playfully said,

"I am only a woman, uncle, and of course my Eve-like propensity to learn all I can will not be satisfied with such a glimpse of the past as you gave me just now. Why is my father at feud with General Clayton?"

Mr. Wentworth looked very grave; after musing a few moments he replied,

"They were rivals in youth for the affections of the same woman. Clayton won her; your father is a man of violent passions, and undisciplined sensibility. He loved Marion Gordon with a desperate devotion that repelled rather than attracted her. She accepted his rival: was known to live unhappily with him, and ended her life in a most tragic manner. She walked out late one evening alone, and was seen standing upon a winding path that led over the brow of a precipice, for Clayton Park is situated in the midst of the hills; she did not return for the evening meal, and when search was made for her, her crushed and bleeding form was found lying in the valley beneath, cold and dead."

The young lady uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Was it the act of another, or did she commit suicide?"

"That is the mystery that must remain undeveloped till the secrets of all hearts are laid bare. Your father heard the fatal news, and he took up the cause of the unhappy lady; he accused her

unfortunate husband of destroying her, and caused him much trouble to evade a prosecution. But General Clayton brought such proofs of his innocence, that even this bitterest enemy was silenced."

"And my own mother?" asked the young lady in a tremulous voice; "my father married her before this passion for another was conquered, and that laid the foundation of their subsequent unhappiness?"

"You have guessed the truth, my dear; but this is a painful subject for you, and one I would rather not discuss. Your father is a man of difficult temper to live with; he married your mother in a moment of pique at the rejection of Miss Gordon, and I am afraid he really cared very little about her. You were only a few months old at the period of Mrs. Clayton's death, and from that time it became impossible for your mother to remain under the same roof with your father. I think myself that Dickon was partially deranged, and was not accountable for his conduct."

Miss Wentworth listened in pained surprise.

"This is the cause, then, of the separation between my parents? Where is my mother? and why have I never been permitted to see her?"

"It was the will of your father, Dora; and the law gives to the father absolute power over the child. Your mother could do nothing but submit to the unrighteous decree which tore her infant from her. She could not live in the same State and be denied the privilege of seeing you, and she accompanied some friends to the Southwest, where she has since resided. She has heard constantly from you through me, and has patiently waited till you should arrive at an age when you could act for yourself."

The young girl raised her tearful eyes to his kind face as she gratefully said—

"I comprehend, now, uncle, why I am to become your daughter by adoption—it is that the mother may once more claim her child. My noble, true-hearted uncle, this kindness is worthy of you. Has my mother found an asylum with you during these long years of separation?"

"No, my child; but she has been with friends with whom I placed her, for I have always known that she is the injured party. Your father has no suspicion that I am aware of her present abode, for he has lost all clue to her for many years. It is his own wish that you shall go with me to my southern home, unconscious that in taking you there I am about to restore you to the mother who has been so long defrauded of her just rights."

"And my poor father?—is it right to leave him to loneliness in this dreary place? Can we not bring about a reconciliation between my parents? Oh! it would make me so very happy."

"My dear Dora," replied Mr. Wentworth, impressively, "I warn you against attempting anything of the kind. Your father is one of the worst-tempered men in the world, and I will never consent that you or your mother shall fall under his rule. Richard Wentworth is only fit for the solitude in which he lives, and his past career proves that, beyond the indulgence of his own will, he cares little for anything. The most sacred tie he has trampled on; but I will forbear, my child. He is my brother and your father, and, as such, is entitled to some respect. I have perhaps said too much already; but these things must soon have become known to you, and the certainty that you go with me to meet a parent who yearns for your coming, will enable you to part from the one we now seek with more calmness. There is the hermitage and your father standing in the door ready to greet us."

#### CHAPTER IX.

WITH a confused and giddy brain, Arthur Clayton struck into the first path that opened before him, after crossing the rivulet. The light glared in his dazzled eyes, and the trees seemed to be dancing before him as he advanced, while the hill-tops nodded to each other in friendly greeting. He felt that he was in no condition to go on alone, and he wished that he had accepted the invitation of Mr. Wentworth to return with him to his asylum of the previous night. Once he turned his horse's head with the intention of overtaking him, but the memory of the old negro's earnest desire to get him away that morning returned with renewed force, and he relinquished the design. Better to lie down in the forest until he grew calmer, he thought, than to trespass upon the hospitality which would be unwillingly given; and he again resumed his course.

He resigned the guidance of his horse, for he felt that the intelligence of the animal would sooner enable him to reach some settlement than his own attempts to do so in his present bewildered condition. His head ached intolerably, a parching thirst consumed him, and, at intervals, cold chills passed through his frame. Clayton felt that he was growing very ill; but the idea of dying in the forest alone was intolerable; he clung to his horse with a species of desperation, until he felt that he was growing so faint he would risk a severe fall by endeavoring to maintain his position.

With his last remnant of strength he dismounted, fastened the bridle of his steed to a tree and laid himself down in a sheltered nook by the side of the pathway, hoping that a few hours' rest would restore him to a condition which would enable him to prosecute his journey. The hope proved vain; he slept, or rather lay in a state of semi-insensibility, and when he awoke himself from this the wildest vagaries were whirling through his brain. He fancied himself the great Mogul, with power of life and death over all his subjects; among them were his uncle and his lately-wedded bride, whom he ordered to instant execution because they both refused to give him back the freedom he was anxious to regain, that he might give his hand to the pretty fairy who had so deftly succored him that morning. But the fair Dora herself came to the rescue of her relatives, and by some device, comprehensible only in delirium, saved him from the crime, and gave him her hand as the reward of his clemency.

Then all the late scenes at Clayton Park were acted over again; the fever mounted higher and higher, and the wood resounded with the wild cries of the madman. He started up at length, endowed with new strength by the fiery current flowing in his veins, and springing upon Saladin, set out on as wild a gallop as that the morning had witnessed, shouting and hurraing at every bound made by the spirited animal he rode.

Many miles were passed over thus, till the noble horse flagged in his course, and panting and covered with foam, slackened his pace to a slow walk. The excitement of his master was by this time also exhausted, and again the deathlike dizziness of the morning came over him. To pass the night in the forest in his present condition must be death; for in those mountain regions the frost king had already assumed his diadem, the sun had passed his meridian, and long shadows lay across the ravines through which his desolate path lay.

With the fever the delirium subsided, and Clayton's brain became clear enough to comprehend his condition. He anxiously scanned the scene before him, and saw nothing to encourage the hope of soon finding a resting place for his aching head. A succession of broken hills lay piled around him, apparently with no outlet; and with a feeling of bitter despondency, he felt that in all probability his ignoble destiny would be to die there, and leave his body to be devoured by the wolves—bequeathing no clue to his fate to the few who were interested in it.

The weary horse plodded on, bearing his fainting rider: night began to settle around them, and as the dim darkness gathered, Arthur cast a despairing glance over the valley to see if no hope was near. A light gleamed in front of him, at first uncertain and flashing up at intervals, then it glowed out steadily, and the exhausted man muttered,

"A herdsman's hut—it will at least afford shelter;" and with renewed hope, he patted his horse and encouraged him to go on. Saladin, too, seemed to understand the cheering beacon, for he pricked up his ears, and moved more quickly toward it. Before it was reached, the failing senses of Clayton had almost forsaken him, but his grasp clung tenaciously to the saddle on which he crouched, for he was incapable of longer holding himself in an erect position.

Saladin reached the small inclosure around the miserable shanty, and finding that his master's voice did not demand admittance, he made known his presence by a loud neigh. This was immediately responded to by the appearance of a man at the door, and he exclaimed to some one within,

"Here's a horse with a dead man on him, old woman; come and help me see after him."

He stepped out into the yard, and was speedily followed by an ugly old crone carrying a pine torch in her hand.

"I hope 'taint the work of any of our gang, come here for us to finish," said the man in a surly tone. "Them fellers is gittin' too lazy to finish a job when once they've undertaken it. Dead men tell no tales, but they've let this one get off only half done for."

"Hist!" replied the old woman warningly; "the lad ain't dead, and what's more he ain't been dealt with by Black Jim, nor Simons, or he would never have brought his valise and this fine horse with him. Look at him; he's sick, and in a faint like. You can make sure of his plunder if you like without those other fellers bein' the wiser 'bout it."

"Yes, for once I'm in luck. Hold your torch so I can see where to strike him over the head with my club. I'll just stun him, and throw him in the pit behind the hill."

The wretch lifted a large knotted stick, and took deadly aim at the unfortunate youth. Just as the blow was about to descend the light carried by the woman flashed upon the pallid face, and he swayed his arm around and brought it to the ground with a crash, as he exclaimed,

"It is Arthur Clayton! Oh, Lord! to think I was about to kill the nephew of the old man who gave us a home on his estate! What a mess I should ha' made, sure enough!"

"What if 'tis young Clayton? nobody'd never know that you had killed him; and then the money he must have in his valise will belong to you," said the crone, savagely. "What's his life more'n anybody else's? Knock him on the head, I tell you."

"You old imp o' Satan, git out o' my way, and don't tell me to do what would raise the whole country. Don't you know that this lad is the last of one of the best families in Ole Virginny, and his uncle's a stunner when his blood's up. If I was to hide myself in the earth he would dig me out of it, and punish me for hurting one he sets store by."

"Throw him over the cliff and kill his horse, and send him down after him; who would know then how he came to his end?"

"Maybe the stones would tell it, but I shan't risk it anyhow. The lad is generous, and his uncle's rich; we'll make more by takin' care o' him than by robbin' and murderin' him; so help me into the house with him, old woman, an' mind, I tell you, no foul play, or I'll choke the life out o' you."

With many dissatisfied mutterings, the woman obeyed, and together they lifted Clayton, who was so far gone by this time that he had only a faint consciousness that voices were murmuring around him, as if in consultation, but he could not comprehend the sense of their words.

The hut consisted of one desolate-looking room, about fifteen feet square, with a smaller one opening from it, barely large enough to contain a bed and chest; on the former the couple laid the young man, and the herdsman took from his pocket a flask of whisky and poured a small portion into his mouth. This presently acted as a restorative, and Arthur lifted his head and looked around. He feebly said,

"Thanks, my good friends, for shelter, for I needed it greatly. I am afraid I am very ill."

"That's true enough, Mr. Clayton," replied the owner of the hut. "But you luckily came to the right place for help—Simon Wilkins is one of the herdsman belonging to the Clayton sheep farms, and I am that man, at your service."

"Am I still so near the park as to be on my uncle's and? asked Clayton.

"You've got lost, sir, and the boss took you to the place he likes best; you come from your uncle's yesterday, perhaps, but to-day you must have been goin' a round-about way back agin. This place is only eight miles from the park."

"And you live in this miserable den?" asked the youth, looking around the dingy walls, black with smoke from the pine torches which furnished the only light of its inmates.

"Poor folks must do the best they can," replied the man, in a surly tone. "Them that finds what they wanted bad under the roof of the old shanty, need not trouble themselves to find fault with its looks."

"My good friend," said Clayton, in a faint voice, "I pray you take no offence where none was meant; give me such aid as I need, and I will in the future endeavor to improve your circumstances as far as lies in my power."

He sank away again into a scarcely conscious state, and the man went into the outer apartment to consult with his wife about what was best to be done to save the life and property of the sick youth from the confederates with whom they were leagued.

This wild mountain district, with its rugged paths and dizzy precipices, was known to afford shelter to a band of desperadoes, who distilled their own spirits, coined their own money, and sometimes waylaid solitary travellers, who rarely escaped to tell the tale of their wrongs; but in a thinly settled country, with a few landed proprietors, it was difficult to organize a force sufficiently large to bring them to justice; and so long as they confined their depredations to the stranger and the wayfarer, a tacit immunity was allowed them.

Of this gang, Simon Wilkins was a member, and his cottage often sheltered them in their forays, though no suspicion attached to him. Through the influence of Anita, the housekeeper at the park, this man had been given the station of herdsman by General Clayton, and for ten years past had faithfully performed the duties delegated to him. The rights of his employer were respected by his comrades, because the protection Simon's position enabled him to afford them was worth more than the property they might otherwise have plundered from General Clayton.

The old crone possessed some knowledge of such simples as might benefit a patient suffering from fever, and, at the command of her husband, prepared to put her skill in requisition. Four days Clayton lay in her miserable abode in a state of feverish restlessness, which compelled him to keep his bed; he several times heard suppressed talking in the outer room, and occasionally the sound of an oath, but his head was still in so confused a state that he could not reflect on these occurrences with any degree of clearness. On the fourth day he overheard the name of his uncle uttered with an accent of surprise, and then the speaker lowered his voice so much that he could not understand what followed.

Simon Wilkins was absent all that day, and when he returned in the evening, he sat moodily beside the fire in the outer room without heeding the mutterings of his wife, till he thought his guest slept. To assure himself of this, however, he took a lighted pine knot, and placed it in such a position as to throw a glare into the den occupied by Clayton; he then came and bent over him several moments. He lay pale and still, and the ruffian muttered as he turned away,

"I wish I had taken Dinah's advice, and put an end to him when he first came here. 'Twould ha' saved a great deal of trouble."

Clayton was falling asleep when Wilkins commenced this pantomime, but the sudden flashing of the light upon his face partially aroused him, and he comprehended dimly the sense of his words. A cord in his brain was suddenly struck, and he felt that some danger menaced himself, from which his own efforts alone must rescue him. He kept his eyes closed, and feigned sleep, that he might watch and understand what might follow.

Wilkins again sat down beside the hearth, and the woman said,

"So they buried the old rascal to-day, did they? I wonders ef he'll be so much higher'n other people when he gets up yonder? or down—down, who knows where, for he wur'n't no better'n the rest on us, ef the whole truth was known?"

"Yes, he's gone to his account," replied the man, "and to-night he rests in the cold dark vault. A mighty comin' down was there! An' ole woman, he had quarrelled with his nephew in there, and the best service I could ha' rendered the young lady was to have knocked him on the head, sure enough, as you wanted me to when he first come here. I wish I'd done it."

"Maybe 'taint too late yet, Simon. But what'll you gain by it, and who set you on this time?"

"I saw Anita, and told her about the young gentleman bein' here. She looked awful when she heard it, and she said,

"Simon Wilkins, if that boy was put out o' the way, I'd see that the man that did it was well paid; he should never have to toll again as long as he lives."

"She said that?" asked the hag eagerly, as she crouched down upon the floor, and looked up at him; "and you told her you'd be that man, didn't you?"

"Ef I hadn't you never would ha' known 'bout this. I can't deal with him now, because the men know who he is, and how he came here; but you can put something in his yarb tea that'll lay him out as stiff as his uncle, in no time."

"An' you're sure Anita will keep her promise?" asked the wo-



man. "I hain't no scruples, but 'tain't no use doin' the thing unless we're sure of the reward."

"I am sure Anita dares not do anything that will injure me. We are old friends, an' I know more'n she'd care to have me tell. Will you do for him?"

"I will," said the crone emphatically, and Clayton's strained senses could comprehend no more.

## CHAPTER X.

THE news of the death of General Clayton soon spread over the country, and friends collected from every quarter of it to pay the last honors to his remains. A post mortem examination satisfied the physicians that his heart had for years been so seriously diseased that sudden and violent emotion might at any moment have destroyed him. This was incautiously communicated to his daughter, and its knowledge only heightened the grief and remorse she suffered. Her own passionate and wilful conduct in their last interview, Otelia felt assured had hastened the catastrophe, and all Anita's skill could not console the unhappy girl for the loss of him who had been so suddenly snatched from her. The tie that existed between the father and daughter was one of unusual strength, for Otelia had known no other parent, and the idolizing love of her father met in her heart a full and perfect reciprocation. It was the redeeming trait in the character of the haughty and capricious Miss Clayton that she was capable of sincere and deep feeling, though she did not often choose to betray the better impulses of her nature to those around her.

Her nurse watched over her with deep solicitude, and displayed her sympathy with such consummate tact that the bereaved heart clung more tenaciously than ever to her; though its owner's pride would have shrunk from acknowledging that in her hour of deepest anguish she was forced to lean for support upon the breast of the slave nurse whom she had been accustomed to consider immeasurably her inferior, sincerely as she was attached to her.

Otelia remained in her darkened room until the day of the burial; then, in spite of Anita's opposition, she insisted on attending the remains of her father to their last resting-place, though in so doing she must enter the church beside whose altar she had lately stood as a bride; for the vault of the Clayton family was beneath it, and the entrance to it was from the interior. The building had been erected chiefly by contributions from the family at the Park, and mural tablets to the memory of its departed members decorated its walls, while their dust reposed in the silence and darkness below.

Among the guests assembled at the funeral were many personal friends of her late father, and a few distant family connections, for the heiress could claim no relatives of the Clayton blood beside her cousin. The absence of Arthur excited much surprise and comment, and it soon became known among the crowd that the late owner of the Park and his nephew had parted in anger, and the sudden decrease of the former was in a measure attributable to the sufferings of his mind from the ungrateful conduct of Arthur Clayton. With the usual facility for blaming the conduct of others without understanding their motives of action, which is so marked a trait of human nature, the young man was at once looked on as a heartless and ungrateful scoundrel, who had ignored the benefits conferred upon his childhood and youth, by the relative who had acted the part of a father by him.

Deep sympathy was felt and expressed for the pale, drooping form clad in deep mourning, and veiled in crape, which sat as a statue beside the coffin, and rested her head against it, while the Rev. Mr. Carleton made a brief address to the assembled company.

Otelia had exhausted the first violence of her sorrow in frantic cries, and now she sat composed and self-possessed, bearing herself as comforted with her ideas of what was due to her own dignity. In the silence of her room she might bow her head in anguish before the power which had thus stricken her, but in the presence of the outside world she was Miss Clayton of Clayton, and as such must not betray to the common gaze the emotions that had lately almost shaken her reason to its very centre. When Mr. Carleton ended his address he approached her, and would have drawn her away before the removal of those beloved remains from the home which would know William Clayton no more; but she refused his offered support, and stood with rigid composure while they were borne away. She then took the arm of another gentleman who was near, and slowly walked to the family carriage, in which she had last sat with her father, sobbing out upon his breast all her mortification and anguish, at the abrupt departure of her newly wedded bridegroom. Beside herself, the carriage contained the nearest family connections; a middle aged widow and her son, a young man of twenty-four, who considered themselves entitled to the position of chief mourners on this melancholy occasion; though the idea of really mourning over the departure of the deceased would have appeared supremely absurd to both, as the death of General Clayton had opened to them a vista of future prosperity and ambition, of which they were resolute to avail themselves.

Mrs. Arnold was the widow of a man who claimed to be the cousin of General Clayton's wife; but it was a relationship the haughty aristocrat had not cared to acknowledge in his own life, for that of Mr. Arnold had not been a very reputable one, and his death was that of the drunkard, leaving a handsome and insinuating widow, with a very slender income, and a son to educate and start in life. Mrs. Arnold had made several attempts to establish herself at the Park in the position of chaperon to Miss Clayton; they had been quietly defeated by the General, but now he was gone there was every prospect that her endeavors would be more successful.

The heiress must have a companion, and who could be selected so well suited to the position as herself? And then what might not result from throwing her son and the young lady together in the familiar intercourse of daily life? Theodore was undeniably handsome; his manners were such as to please a young girl, for he had great command of language, and could talk sentiment by the quantity to those who enjoyed it. He was tall, slender, and romantically pale, with very dark eyes, black hair, and an insinuating softness of manner which he had inherited from herself; what then should prevent him from winning the broad lands of Clayton, with only the incumbrance of a pretty and attractive wife?

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of the ambitious mother as she sat beside the statue-like form of the bereaved daughter, who more than once in that dreary drive pressed her hand violently upon her aching heart, to repress the wild wail of sorrow that struggled for utterance on her pale lips. Wrapped in the sable folds of her veil, resolute to betray by no outward sign the strife that raged within, Otelia leaned back in a corner of the carriage, and felt as if all the world lay desolate before her.

The dreamy beauty of the afternoon only added to this feeling, for the sun lay in golden softness upon the landscape, and the thought came to her which another stricken heart has so touchingly expressed,

"One I have loved is debarr'd of the day,"

and she closed her burning eyes to shut out the beauty and the light which that chilled form might never more behold. The preacher would have told her, in all probability, that another and a brighter day had dawned upon him who was gone; but in those first hours of anguish it is hard to take comfort in this assurance, for even if the loved and lost have gone to a more perfect state of being, it is one that severs them only more completely from all that was most prized on earth, and the survivor is left doubly desolate.

The church was gained, and with a shudder Otelia recalled her last visit there. It was situated in a grove of trees, and the larger yard around was filled with the grave of the departed dead of nearly a century; and the old names belonging to the landed proprietors in the vicinity could all claim representatives in the court of death. The Claytons alone, as the largest contributors to the erection of the church, claimed the privilege of laying their family in the vault beneath, in darkness and mouldy state; in preference to the bright sunshine and free air of heaven, with flowers springing from the turf that enfolded them, and birds to sing their matin song above their last home. Alas! for human pride!

With gentle care Mr. Arnold assisted his cousin to alight from the carriage, and led her across the yard. Otelia submitted to his guidance, for her dimmed eyes could not see the way before her, though her step was firm and unflinching. The organ pealed forth its sad requiem as they entered the church; then the funeral service was read, and the dreary vault unrolled to receive its tenant. Friends came around Miss Clayton and endeavored to dissuade her from enduring so great a trial to her feelings as a descent into this receptacle must be; but she replied in tones of enforced calmness.

"I must see him laid in his last home. He would have done this, and more, oh much more, for me!"

In descending the steps she was compelled to lean on Mr. Arnold for support, and she had stood in the vault several moments before she could command nerve enough to look around. The massive stone walls were filled with nooks, each one wide enough to contain a coffin, and in them rested the past generations of the Claytons. The arrangements were uniform, with the exception of the spot prepared for the reception of her father's remains. The platform for that purpose had been widened sufficiently to permit two coffins to lie side by side, and at their feet there was room for a third. Two were already there: one which lay parallel with the others bore the name and age of Marion Clayton, and beside that her dead husband was placed; at their feet rested a plain black coffin, now covered with the mould of time, with no clue to its inmate; there was no inscription of any kind.

Looks of intelligence were exchanged between a few of the old men who were present, but no word was uttered which might have thrown a light upon this singular arrangement, either there or afterward; those who could have accounted for it tacitly permitted the record of the past to lie in the oblivion to which time had consigned it.

When all was over, and the friends who had assembled were leaving the spot, Miss Clayton arrested their departure in a few brief but well chosen words, and expressed her thanks to them for this last tribute of respect to the memory of her father. She was very pale, but her voice did not falter, nor did the lips quiver which uttered those parting words, though she felt as if the iron had indeed entered her own soul. Indomitable pride ruled her in that hour of suffering, as it had done through every action of her life.

Mrs. Arnold and her son returned to the Park with her, but Otelia retired to her apartment immediately on her arrival there, leaving them to concert their own plans, and scheme for the future. Anita had attended the funeral in company with two other slaves belonging to the plantation, but she had rode on horseback to the church, and returned before her young lady, that she might be in readiness to receive her on her arrival. She met her at the door of her own room, and the lofty pride that had sustained the sufferer here gave way; nature must assert her sway at some moments of existence, and dignity be for a time forgotten; Otelia threw herself upon the breast of her nurse, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

Anita caressed her tenderly as an infant, she held her clasped closely to her till the first violence of the storm had expended itself, and then she quietly removed the bonnet and shawl, laid her upon the bed, and bathed her face and smoothed her hair with a peculiar softness in the touch of her fingers, which conveyed to the desolate girl as complete an assurance of her deep sympathy as if words had been uttered.

The paroxysm was over for the time, and Miss Clayton lay calm and exhausted. Anita brought her wine, which she induced her to swallow, and she soon felt that she was relieved by it; then a sudden recollection came to her, and she half-raised her head as she said—

"Ma mère, I have a question to put to you which I must ask now, for after to-day the mention of my father's name by my lips, unless compelled to call it, no one will ever hear. What touches me I bury here," laying her hand upon her heart. "The world has no right to pry into my sorrows, and it shall not have that privilege."

"What does my darling wish to know?" asked Anita, drawing near her.

"What I am sure you can tell me. Whose coffin is that which is placed at the feet of my parents? It has no name—nothing to indicate the age or sex of its occupant. Who is it that is entitled to rest among the sons and daughters of my house, who yet is not of them?"

Anita's voice changed slightly, very slightly, as she steadily replied—

"How should I know, my pet? There is a story of a young man who once saved the life of your father at the sacrifice of his own, and he is probably the person who rests at his feet."

"No—you deceive me; proud as the Claytons are, a service of that kind would not have been rewarded by a nameless coffin placed in so inferior a position in their burial vault. Who is there, Anita? If I cannot find out, I shall be tempted sorely to have the coffin opened and—"

"My child," said Anita, in great agitation, "you would not commit a sacrilege—you would not seek to penetrate a secret which evidently belonged to your father?—which he wished to perish with him."

Miss Clayton sat up and fixed her eyes searchingly upon her. She said—

"This is probably the clue to that fatal concealment which cost my poor father his life, for my vehemence in that last terrible interview I now know destroyed him. Don't interrupt me, ma mère, for I know all you would say, and feel how futile it is to drive this certainty from my mind. I know that my temper is quick and uncontrollable, but I have had so awful a lesson that henceforth I shall make every effort to control it. Yes, ma mère, anxious as I am to gain the secret of my father's life, I will respect the sanctuary of the dead; I will refrain from even a wish to penetrate the mystery which has so fatally influenced my destiny, though alas! I am the victim."

Anita came beside her and took her hand in both her own. She softly asked—

"What induces my darling to speak thus? The sun will once more shine upon your path; sorrow cannot last for ever, and your heart will open to new hopes, new happiness."

Otelia closed her eyes, and tears slowly welled from them. Presently she asked, in a subdued tone—

"Oh, ma mère, is there no news of Arthur? None—none? In this hour he should be beside me; he alone has the right to console me."

"What! he who brought all this trouble in the house? Why weary after him, missy, when he cares so little for you?" asked the woman, while an expression of alarm came upon her face.

"Because," exclaimed Miss Clayton, "he is my husband—wedded to me by every tie of the church; he left me at the very altar, and I am desolate. I can tell this to you, Anita, because you are faithful to me. You will never betray that the daughter of a Clayton was scorned by one of her own lineage; that he gave his hand, and with it threw me the deeds that make me rich, while I am poor, indeed, in the knowledge that I am unloved—that I am really deserted."

She buried her head in the pillow, and again cries of anguish burst from her breast. This revelation seemed to have a strange and stunning effect upon the nurse. She reeled and gasped for breath, and then, sinking on her knees beside the bed, she asked, "Is this indeed true? Is your heart his—his? Did you give your hand for any other cause than to secure the estate to yourself?"

Miss Clayton lifted her head, and the pride which had for a brief time been forgotten resumed its powerful sway over her. With haughty emphasis she said—

"How dared you suppose that I would sell myself for vile lucre?—you, too, who have known me all my life. Go away, Anita; leave me. I would be alone."

The woman did not rise; she asked with nervous impatience—

"Would you, after all that is past, summon Arthur Clayton back? Would you humble yourself before him, and ask him to take the bride he so scornfully rejected? Answer me, missy, as if the searcher of souls were asking this question, for much—much depends upon your words."

"God help me!" exclaimed the exhausted girl, bursting into tears; I would abase myself to the very dust to atone for my past conduct to him, and win the love I once so lightly trifled with."

Anita arose with a stern resolve upon her face as she muttered—

"I trust in God it is not too late." Then speaking aloud, she said—

"Compose yourself, my darling; I will find the means of communicating with your cousin."

She would have left the room, but the imperious voice of her young lady commanded her to remain, and Anita returned to reply slowly and reluctantly to the rapid questions put to her—questions she would gladly have evaded had the power been hers.

(To be continued.)

A late decision of the Supreme Court of this State establishes that a school teacher may recover his wages, though his certificate from the Superintendent is not obtained until he has commenced his school.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JAMES REED, Utica.—We will answer in our next about diagrams. EN PRISTE, Newark.—You last two problems received. The one with solution cool—the other we have not looked at, our time being quite fully enough occupied in sifting those received with solutions. By the way, unless, when you write under your *nom de plume*, you disguise your hand a little more, change your paper, and, above all, alter the character of your diagrams, we will begin to suspect that you and another correspondent are one and the same individual.

T. M. BROWN, Newark.—We publish your somewhat extraordinary letter this morning about suicides. It would be a singular letter coming from any one; but from you, who have concocted so many suicides (without, it appears, ever having considered the species of odds from which suicides have their origin), it is certainly remarkable. So far from the party who is compelled to give mate being obliged to avoid an impending mate himself, the very reverse is the case. He seeks a mate in order to avoid giving mate. But even in ordinary games who ever heard of a party being compelled to avoid mate? The rule compels him to get out of check, nothing more. For instance, if you were playing and had given check, and your opponent attempted to make a move not providing for the check, you would undoubtedly call his attention to the rule requiring him to protect his King. If, however, you were to threaten mate and he were to disregard it, is there any rule by which you could require him to provide against it? The question is too absurd for serious argument. Your challenge to C. G. Nelson is faulty in two particulars. First, your fifth move upon either side are made with pieces which do not appear on your diagram. Secondly, at the third move for Black, King may go to Queen's third. This latter is probably owing to the omission on the diagram above referred to.

TO THE PLAYERS OF CHICAGO.—We call your attention to the letter of our Milwaukee correspondent, W. S. Can you not accommodate him? And whether you give or receive "a bating," we will be glad to "print it," if any of you will "tak notes" and send them on.

W. S. MILWAUKEE.—We take the liberty of publishing a portion of your letter as the best way of informing the Chicago Club of your desire. We publish today one of your musings, for which and the other games sent please receive our thanks. By the way, if you play with Chicago, play a musie, and introduce Harwitz & Cling's defence. We would be glad to publish such a game.

LYNNHURST, Boston.—Problem received, but we are sorry to say that we are unable to perceive how mate can be given if Black, at third move, play King to Kt sixth.

MILWAUKEE, April 16, 1887.

W. W. MONTGOMERY, Esq.—Dear Sir—I noticed your answer in the Chess column of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to my note addressed to Fuller. According to your courteous suggestion, I trouble you with four games (part of twenty I began several years ago) played between Dr. W. S. Kimball, of Easton, New Jersey, and myself. Although played by correspondence I do not think they are better than our usual play, as the number of games undertaken prevented either of us from bestowing much time on the moves. You are of course at liberty to criticize, and I should like a suggestion from you on the eleventh move in the defence of the musie. Q to Q B 4, check, is laid down by Staunton in his Handbook, but after considerable trial I have found Q to K B 4 preferable. In the former case the defence soon gets into a bad position, while with the latter move the result of our games has tended to show that with equal play the defence must always win. If you think the move I played unsound, can you show it within the limits of your paper? St. anton seems to think the first player has the strong side in the musie, but with all deference to his opinion, I have been unable to see it.

Will you call the attention of the Chicago players to my request to play a few games with us. We are, as the Irishman said, "blue-moulded for a bating." Though we are not vain of our powers, as our modesty is kept active by an examination of the games published by you and the London News, still I have that respect for this game that to be well beaten by a first-rate player would be a high satisfaction to me. I have never, for many years, played with any one who could give me odds. But I have written more than I intended.

Very truly, your obedient servant,

W. S.

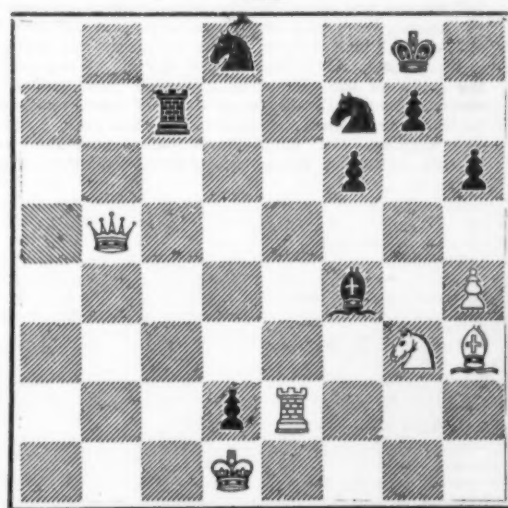
NEWARK, April 17, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I am afraid that C. G. Nelson and I will have a falling out over the problem challenge to me in your paper of this week. According to my theory, which I shall endeavor to demonstrate to you, the problem can be solved in four moves, which is rather detrimental. First, I suppose that in suicides Black is to play the best defence in his power, to avoid a mate, even if he has to mate his adversary. All suicides—at least those that I have seen—have to mate to get out of check. Now, to my view, it is immaterial whether Black mates to get out of check, or to avoid a mate, which otherwise he cannot help. I place Black in a position where he must be check-mated or make a certain move, even if that move mates white. There is no other way to escape a mate on himself. He must make that move. In this case Black is cornered. Must be mated in one move in spite of his teeth unless he makes one certain move. That move he is bound to make, although it mated me. Is that correct? I would like that point settled, for I have a number of problems verging in that. I must be right, I think. What are your views? It seems immaterial whether Black mates to get out of a mate, or to avoid a mate otherwise not to be helped. I enclose a similar challenge to C. N., composed for his special benefit, and I conclude that you will at least allow that it has the merit of being not only a suicide by name, but by nature. It looks like the most difficult one that I have ever seen.

Truly yours,

THEO. M. BROWN.

PROBLEM LXXIII.—By EN PRISTE, Newark, N. J.—White to mate in five moves.



GAME LXXIII.—(MUSIE GAMBIT)—Between our correspondent, W. S., of Milwaukee, and another strong player.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Dr. K.	Mr. S.	Dr. K.	Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 K R to K	K B to K Kt 4
2 P to K B 4	P takes P	17 Q to K 2	P to K B 6
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	18 Q takes P	B to K B 3
4 K B to Q B 4	P to K Kt 5	19 Q R to K 4	B takes B
5 Castles	P takes Kt	20 P takes B	P to Q 4
6 Q takes P	Q to K B 5	21 R takes K	Q P takes B
7 P to K 5	Q takes K P	22 Q to her 5 (ch)	Q to her 3
8 P to Q 5	K B to R 3	23 Q Ks P at Q B 4	B to K 3
9 Q B to Q 2	K Kt to K 2	24 R takes B	P takes R
10 Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3 (a)	25 R takes P	Q to K B 5
11 Q R to K	Q to K B 4 (b)	26 Q to her 5 (ch)	K to Q B
12 Q Kt to Q 5	K to Q	27 P to K R 3	P to Q R 4
13 Q B to Q B 3	K R to K B	28 R to K 7	Q R to Q R 3
14 Kt takes Kt (c)	Kt takes Kt	29 Q to Q 7 (ch)	K to Kt
15 Q R to K 5	Q to K Kt 3	30 R takes K R	Q R to Q Kt 8

White resigned.

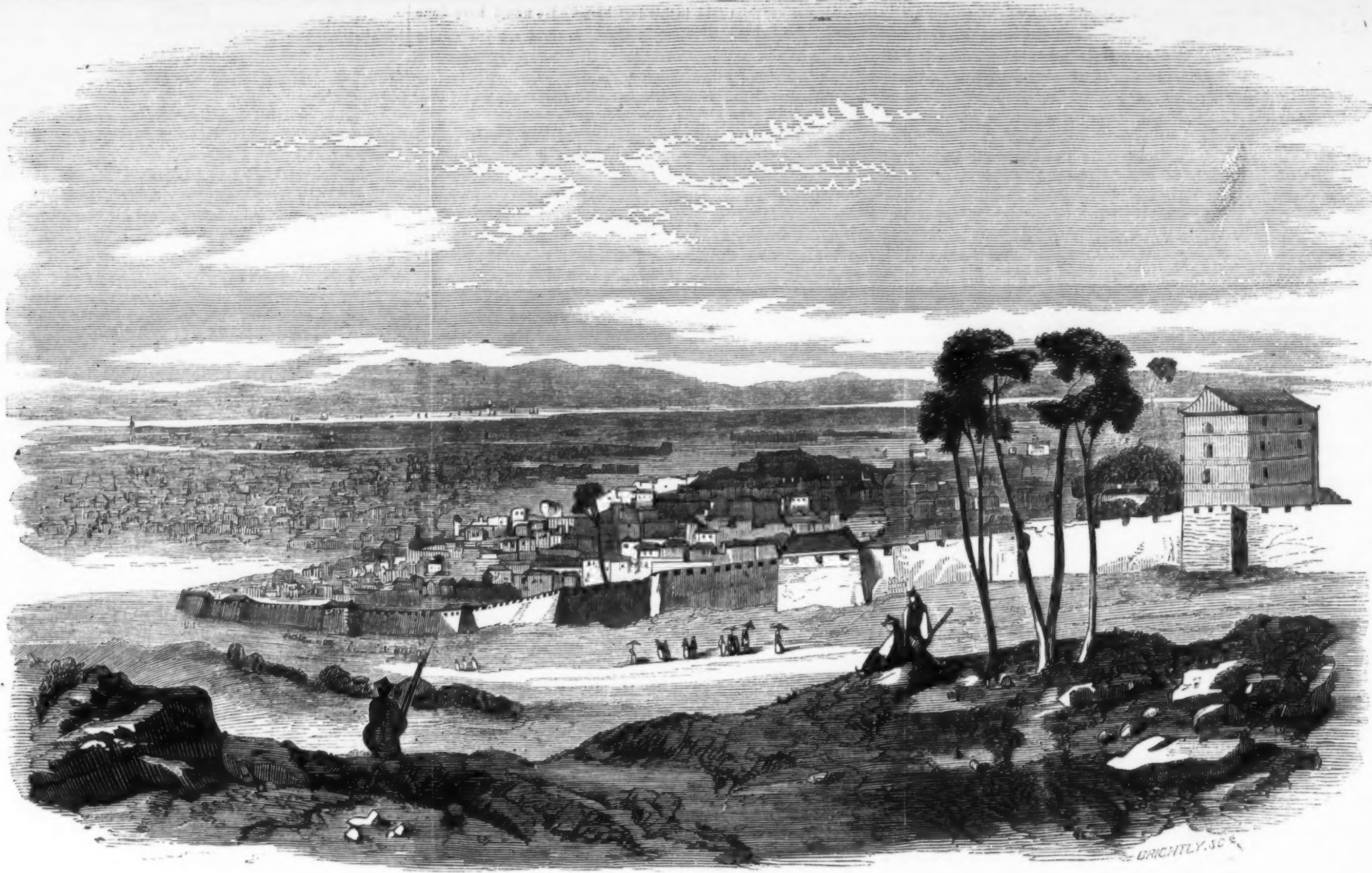
NOTES TO GAME LXXIII.

- (a) Jaenisch recommends P to Q B 3 in place of this move.  
(b) All the authorities here give Q to Q B 4 (ch) as best. They do not appear, however, to notice the move made in the text. As far as a hasty analysis will enable us to judge, we think Q to K B 4 much preferable to checking, as recommended by the books. It seems to us to give the defence a secure game, let the attack be conducted as it may.  
(c) B to K B 6 was much better than this move.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Kt 7	K takes P
2 R to K R 7	K to B 5
3 B to Q R 6	K to Kt 5
4 B to Q B 6 (ch)	K moves
5 Kt mates.	





GENERAL VIEW OF CANTON.

AGGRESSIVE war [upon countries shut out from the usual currents of commerce has one good effect, and that is the enriching of the stores of useful information. By the war in the Crimea we have become familiar with the peoples who inhabit the shores of the Black Sea; by the descent of Gen. Walker upon Nicaragua, we have been made familiar with the Central American States; and now that the British have commenced battering down the frontier towns of China, we shall at last learn something of the internal life of China, that has been for so many centuries a "sealed book" to the rest of the world. The modern taste for illustrated papers will also do much to encourage this diffusion of useful knowledge, for we now not only have the word description, but we also have the correct representations of cities, towns, landscapes and figures, and the whole panorama of Chinese life is brought to our firesides as vividly as if we could look in upon the realities of these celestial people. The two illustrations accompanying this article are remarkable for their faithfulness, and are eminently characteristic. The general view of Canton gives a good idea of the appearance of that immense city, as the Red Fort shows the manner of the fortifications erected in its defence. As in the case of the opium war so is it now, the junks of the Chinamen and their forts present no real obstacles to the Europeans in times of assault, both disappear under the terrific power of supreme physical courage and superior war weapons. But what does a victory over those semi-barbarians amount to? Thousands are killed and wounded, and their

places are immediately taken by thousands of others; for so populous is China, that it would seem almost impossible to make any impression on the masses, the killing of a few thousands, or perhaps a million of people, proving rather an advantage to those who have been left alive. We trust that now the war has commenced that it will be carried on with vigor; let England and France do the hard work, and take the responsibility of all the evils and the wretchedness of the war, and when they have brought these ignorant Chinamen to terms, and taught them some lessons of liberality and free trade, let the United States step in and buy and sell of the Chinese, under the head of "the most favored nation," and thus take the body into possession, while the Lion and the Eagle are quarrelling who should consume its flesh.

The city and the suburbs of Canton are laid out and built after one fashion. The streets are narrow and crooked, varying from two to sixteen feet, but averaging seven or eight feet in width, paved and flagged, each closed by gates guarded at night, and each of the trading thoroughfares appropriated to one trade. Several canals intersect the city, and are crossed by stone bridges. The houses are mostly of brick, but also of stone, mud, and wood, seldom more than one story in height, with flat roofs and terraces, floored with hardened mud, stone, or tiles, and the place of window-glass is commonly supplied by paper, mica, or thin shell. The residences of the wealthy inhabitants are built within a walled court, and are richly furnished; those of the middle

classes, in which about one-third of the population reside, have no courts; and those of the lower orders, which are numerous along the banks of the canals and in the suburbs, are wretched mud hovels, in which from ten to twenty persons are sometimes crowded in one apartment. A large part of the population resides on the water; and for four or five miles opposite the city, and both above and below, the river is crowded with vessels and rafts of all kinds, on many of which large numbers of poultry are reared. Upwards of one hundred and twenty temples are enumerated in and adjacent to Canton, the principal being the remarkable Buddhist temple of Ho-nan, on an adjacent large island. Within the old city are two other considerable temples, and a Mohammedan mosque, with a dome and minaret one hundred and sixty feet in height; and outside of the walls, on the north, is a lofty pagoda. Canton has several hospitals, a grand hall for the examination of candidates for literary honors, fourteen high schools, and about thirty colleges, three of which have each two hundred students. The manufactures are various and extensive, and the shops are filled with articles of Chinese workmanship. Seventeen thousand persons are said to be employed in silk weaving, fifty thousand in the manufacture of all kinds of cloth, and upwards of four thousand in shoemaking. Great numbers of individuals work in wood, stone, iron, and brass, and the book trade is considerable. Until 1843, all the legitimate foreign trade of China was conducted at Canton, and its amount was estimated at \$80,000,000 annually.

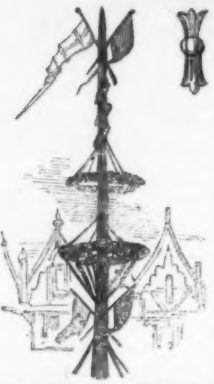


CANTON RIVER, THE RED FORT AND EUROPEAN QUARTERS



THE FIRST OF MAY, FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF THE SEASON, THE MAYPOLE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"To the observance to a morn of May."—SHAKESPEARE.



For any one month of the year is more joyous than another that one is certainly May. As it approaches, we first begin to feel the genial influences of Spring. After being frozen up or toasted up in winter, and surfeited with indoor pleasures and miseries, there is something exhilarating in the anticipation of once more going forth into the genial air, and enjoying the green fields. May, too, ushers in the season of love, for with the coming buds and blossoms the birds mate and their nests are built, and even the human affections, whether old or young, stir within the deep recesses of our hearts. In looking into the origin of the festivities of May, we find that they were first observed in honor of Flora, and were among the most innocent of pagan rites. When they were introduced into England it is difficult to determine. The Druids on May eve were accustomed to light large fires on eminences in gratitude and joy for the return of Spring. In his Court of Love, Chaucer says, that on this day "forth goeth all the court, most and least to fetch the flowers fresh, and branch and bloom."

Towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII. Maypoles, for some political reason, fell into disrepute in England, and in the troublesome times which followed the death of Charles I. and the Protectorship of Cromwell "jollity" seems to have been

of the present time. In the north west angle of Portman square is a spot associated with a May-day festival. The mansion was built for the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, who resided here many years, and whose eccentric benevolence led her to regale the chimney-sweeps of London annually, on the 1st of May, on the lawn in front of the house, with good and wholesome fare, "so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year." We have heard it stated that the festival was given in commemoration of the truant Edward Wortley Montague having been kidnapped by chimney-sweeps in his abandoned boyhood.

It is a curious fact mentioned in *Burton's Cyclopaedia of Wit and Humor*, that "the Merry Song of the Maypole," published in 1625, was undoubtedly the first piece of "hilarious verse" composed on the continent of North America. A scapegrace lawyer, Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, London (Justice Shallow's abiding place), landed with other adventurers at Plymouth, in 1622. Three years afterwards, he joined Wollaston's party at Pasonagesit, which place was named after their leader, but afterwards they called it Ma-re Mount. They lived, according to the chronicler of Plymouth, "in great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, and the said Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained, as it were, a school of Atheism; and after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess, as some have reported ten pounds' worth in a morning, setting up a Maypole, drinking and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many fairies, or furies rather, yea, and worse practices, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess, Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanals."

Thomas Morton published a book in 1637, called "New English Canaan." Butler, in his "Hudibras," has made use of some of the stories narrated by Morton, whose account of the Maypole is as follows:—"Being resolved to have the new name (Ma-re or Merry Mount) confirmed for a memorial to after ages, the inhabitants did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with revels and merriment, after the old English custom, prepared to set up a Maypole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer for all comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with guns, drums, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our revels. A goodly pine tree, of eighty feet long, was

Nectar is a thing assigned,  
By the Deities' own mind,  
To cure the heart oppress with grief,  
And of good liquors is the chief.  
Then drink, &c.

Give to the melancholy man,  
A cup or two oft now and then,  
This physic will soon revive his blood,  
And make him be of a merrier mood.  
Then drink, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,  
No Irish stuff, nor Scotch over warm;  
Lasses in beaver coats come away,  
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day,  
To drink and be merry, &c.



THE FIRST MAYPOLE ERECTED IN NEW ENGLAND, 1625.

banished from Merrie England, but on the restoration of Charles II. the custom was renewed with unusual hilarity, particularly among the people of London. A new and lofty one was raised in the Strand with great rejoicing and ceremony. Aubrey describes a prodigious Maypole which was erected in the Strand, which was remarkable among other associations for being the scene of a fatal duel. Early one morning Mr. Robert Percival, second son of the Right Honorable Sir Robert Percival, was found dead under this Maypole, with a deep wound under his left breast; his sword, drawn and bloody, lying beside him. He was the most notorious duellist of his time, and had fought as many duels as he numbered years—nineteen. His antagonist was never discovered, although great rewards were offered for his apprehension; the only clue was a hat, with a bunch of ribbons in it, suspected to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding, but it was never traced home to him.

For a livelier scene from the Maypole, we turn to Pepys' sprightly *Diary*:

"1st May, 1667. To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids, with their garlands upon their pails, dancing, with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly Gwynne standing at her lodgings-door, in Drury-lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one; she seemed a pretty creature."

Nelly was at this time living in the then fashionable part of Drury-lane, the Strand or Covent Garden end; her lodgings were near those of Lacy the actor, at the top of Maypole-alley—

Where Drury-lane descends into the Strand, and over against the gate of Craven House. The look-out afforded a peep into a part of Wych-street, and, while standing at the doorway, you could see the far-famed Maypole in the Strand, at the bottom of the alley to which it had lent its name.

"This Maypole, long a conspicuous ornament to the West-end of London, rose to a great height above the surrounding houses, and was surmounted by a crown and vane, with the Royal arms richly gilded. It had been set up again immediately after the Restoration. Great ceremonies attended its erection—twelve picked seamen superintending the tackle, and ancient people clapping their hands and exclaiming, 'Golden days begin to appear!' Nelly must have remembered the erection of the Maypole at the bottom of the lane in which she was born; but there is little now save some gable-ends and old timber-fronts near her 'lodgings-door' to assist in carrying the mind back to the days of the Maypole and the merry Monarch whose recall it was designed to commemorate."

Styrie tells us that the Strand Maypole, having grown old and decayed, was, in 1717, obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton, who then lived in St. Martin's street, Leicester square. The pole was accordingly taken down, conveyed away through the city in a timber-carriage, April 1718, to Wanstead, in Essex, and by leave of Sir Richard Child, Bart., was reared in his park for raising a telescope, the largest in the world, which is elsewhere stated to have belonged to Newton's friend, Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, to whom it had been presented by M. Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society; but Styrie states the telescope to have been given by Hugon to the Royal Society, of which Newton was then President.

The chimney sweeps of London have almost monopolized the metropolitan May-day

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Morton remarks that "this harmless mirth, made by young men, was much distasteful of the precise Separatists, who, from that time, sought occasion against my honest host of Ma-re Mount, to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear." Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has a sweet sketch on this subject, says, "Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sun England's rugged flower-seeds thro Jollity and gloom for an empire," celebrating May gradually work United States, particularly a miles, we hear of monies ending with the

shine over New hills, and scatter ughout the soil. were contending The custom of day festivals is ing its way in the and every year, mong the juve-interesting cere.

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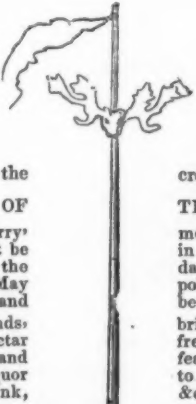
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## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the latest arrivals we glean the following news, interesting but by no means important.

**ENGLAND.**—The elections were almost over. The London Post summarizes the results thus:—Liberals, 338; liberal conservatives, 74; conservatives, 206. Ministerial losses, 13; gains, 76.—The Hon. Sidney Herbert was spoken of to replace Lord Panmure as Minister of War.—The Ministerial candidate for Speaker of the House of Commons is the Hon. Evelyn Denison.—The Great Western Railroad Company of Canada had declared a dividend of nine per cent.—The English Government has agreed to furnish to the Atlantic Telegraph Company three steamships—one to make soundings, and two to assist in laying the cable. The Agamemnon, ninety gun screw steamship of 3,000 tons, is to be employed to lay down the cable, in connection with the United States steamship Niagara. The entire cable will be completed in June, and be laid in July next.

**FRANCE.**—Various rumors had been in circulation of an attempt upon the Emperor's person, but they were without foundation. The rumors were owing to the fact that several arrests had taken place in Paris and the departments, of persons connected with a secret society.—A convention has been concluded between Great Britain and France for preventing future misunderstanding with regard to the right of trading at Portendie, on the west coast of Africa, and at Albrede, on the river Gambia. Great Britain relinquishes the right hitherto enjoyed under treaty of trading from the mouth of the river St. John to the bay and port of Portendie. France cedes to England the French factory at Albrede, but the French are to have free access to the river Gambia for the purposes of commerce, and are to be allowed to reside at the town of Bathurst, and such other trading stations as may hereafter be appointed.—In Paris, on the 8th inst., the funds closed at 68½ for money, and 69½ for account, and on the 9th inst. at 69½ for money, and 69½ for account, showing an abatement in the pressure for money by an increase in the fears of speculators.

**SPAIN.**—A royal decree enacts that sixteen battalions of infantry of the army of Cuba shall be formed into eight regiments of two battalions each.—A Madrid letter says very active communications are taking place between the Spanish Government and those of France and England on the subject of the difference between Spain and Mexico. The Spanish Cabinet hope to obtain the moral support of those two Powers, and in the event of the question going beyond a war between Spain and Mexico, their material support also.

**SWITZERLAND.**—It seems the Neuchâtel question now turns solely on the amount of indemnity to be paid by Switzerland to Prussia.

**DENMARK.**—All the Ministers have tendered their resignations on account of local politics.—The Berlin Zeitung denies that a delay has been accorded to Denmark by Austria and Prussia for the settlement of the Holsten question through French influence. It also confirms the statement that Russia has refused to agree to the claims of Denmark being referred to the arbitration of European Powers.—The Danish Diet has unanimously approved of the abolition of the Sound dues, and the treaty concluded with the various Powers.—Le Nord says that Denmark intend to employ the major portion of the capitalization of the Sound dues in paying off the two loans contracted in London in 1849 and 1850, which at present constitutes a heavy burthen.

**AUSTRIA.**—Respecting the Austro-Sardinian rupture, an Austrian circular despatch states that should the mediation of England and France prove unsuccessful, Austria will have to look to measures for her own protection. The authenticity of this circular, however, is denied.

**ITALY.**—A despatch from General Martini, the Austrian Ambassador at Naples, repeats the statement that the King of Naples is more and more disposed to make advances towards the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Western Powers.—The Papal Government announces a further reduction in the customs tariff, to take effect immediately. The import duty on manufactured articles of coarse silk, linen, cotton, wool and leather is reduced 30 to 70 per cent; on wearing apparel 50; on linen or woollen thread 25; on felt for paper mills 50; on palm oil 50; on common soap 40, and on books bound in cloth 40. On exports the duty on coarse silk, carded and combed, is reduced two-thirds, and on wool and raw four-fifths. The duty on the export of wine is doubled.

**PRUSSIA.**—A letter from St. Petersburg, in Le Nord, of Brussels, says the operation of raising the vessels sunk in the port of Sebastopol has commenced. There are upwards of eighty of them sunk, and sixteen have already been recovered, namely the Cheronea, a steamer of 260 horse power, four transports, one brig, two schooners, two tenders and six smaller craft. The four transports are already afloat, and are engaged in conveying provisions and equipments. The Cheronea is undergoing repairs at Nicolaieff, and will be launched again in the spring. Besides these vessels the government have six sailing transports and some steamers of from sixty to 100 horse power, and have but lately bought five screw steamers, which are to cruise along the eastern coasts on the Black Sea.

**TURKEY.**—The Turkish Gazette announces the formation of a permanent diplomatic mission at St. Petersburg. Riza Bey is the Envoy Plenipotentiary. The Ottoman Ambassador at Teheran has presented a note, requiring the execution of the treaty of delimitation and the restitution of seven towns to Turkey, particularly Ur, Meah and Sulemanieh.

In respect to the union of the Principality, we read that the opinion of the Porte had considerably modified, being now inclined to consent to the arrangement, on condition that its suzerainty shall be respected, and that the United Provinces continue to pay annual tribute.

The investigation into the filibustering expedition to Circassia, per the Kangaroo, proceeds.

Extensive emigration is organizing from Germany to Turkey.

## THE LATEST NEWS.

General Outram was about to send an expedition to capture Mehammerah, on the Kayoon. The embarkation of troops had commenced, and an attack was expected to take place between the 15th and 20th of March.

The Persian army was again collecting at Buragoon. Another and more serious meeting of the men of the 19th Bengal native infantry, at Morreheddiabad, had been suppressed by the presence of a small force of cavalry and artillery.

The Liverpool cotton market exhibited a drooping tendency, and an actual decline had been submitted to on some of the higher grades, while for the lower descriptions the quotations advised per the Arabia were barely maintained. The sales of the week ending Thursday (Good Friday) having been observed as a close holiday amounted to 40,000 bales, nearly all of which was to the trade and exporters. In breadstuffs a general dullness pervaded the market. Flour and wheat were nominally unchanged, although the tendency was decidedly downward. Corn is quoted a trifle lower, but closed steady at the decline. Provisions generally showed no change of moment. The London money market continued stringent. Consols closed at 92 5/8ths to 92 3/4 for money, and 93 1/2 to 93 1/4 for account.

By recent news from New Mexico, we find that there was considerable excitement in Santa Fe, growing out of a collision between the United States troops and a Mexican. A soldier was in the store of a citizen named Gruber, an apothecary and having some difficulty with him, he advanced on Gruber with an iron can. Gruber fired at and wounded the soldier, who was carried off, and Gruber gave himself up, and was taken to jail. The soldier belonged to the third infantry, the members of which were much incensed. Captain Brooks gave strict orders to his men not to leave their quarters, but in the evening, in his absence, they rushed to the jail to kill Gruber. When they effected an entrance they fired, without much reference to their position, some forty shots. One prisoner was killed instantly, two others were wounded, and Gruber received five balls. Gruber died next day, and was buried by the Order of Odd Fellows. So soon as the conduct of the soldiers was made known the officers of the regiment drew them off, and ordered them to the barracks. Gruber was a Mexican, and there was much excitement in the town against the soldiers, but it was subsiding. Some of the soldiers had been identified, and would be brought to trial for the offence. A court martial was being held at Santa Fe for the trial of charges against Captain George A. Lee. The Democratic Convention nominated James L. Collins, Esq., for Governor, and Otero, late delegate to Congress, for re-election. No Indians were seen on the plains. The weather was very disagreeable.

The Cahawba has arrived at New Orleans with Havana dates to the 20th inst. The sugar market was unsettled, but prices had further advanced. A heavy westerly gale swept the Gulf on the 13th inst. The Cahawba, on the morning of the 15th, off Hatteras, fell in with the bark Warner, from New York, entirely abandoned, and put a crew on board, with directions to take her into Norfolk.

## NAVY.

The following vessels of the Pacific fleet have been ordered to Panama:

Frigate Independence.....50 guns.  
Sloop of war John Adams.....20 "  
Sloop of war Decatur.....16 "

Total guns.....86  
Of the above fleet the Independence and Decatur were at Panama on the 4th inst. The John Adams was at Callao on the 12th of March, but she has probably arrived at Panama before this.

Of the home squadron, the following vessels have been ordered to Aspinwall: Steam frigate Wabash.....40 guns.  
Sloop of war Saratoga.....20 "  
Sloop of war Cyane.....20 "

Total guns.....80  
The Cyane was at Aspinwall on the 4th inst. The Wabash sailed from New York on the 18th inst., and the Saratoga, which was at Havana on the 14th of this month, has probably received her orders and departed for Aspinwall before this time.

We learn that Captain Montgomery has been appointed to the command of the United States steamer Ronoke, now at Norfolk, to which the crew of the Merrimac has been transferred. The former will in the course of a few days make her trial trip.

Captain Dupont has been ordered to the command of the new United States steamer Minnesota.

The United States Naval Lyceum dispatched a mail bag for the squadron on the coast of Brazil, on Tuesday, 28th inst. The vessels on the Brazil station are the frigate St. Lawrence and sloop Falmouth.

The United States Naval Lyceum also forwarded a mail to Genoa, for the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, consisting of the steam frigate Susquehanna, frigate Congress and sloop Constellation.

On Monday afternoon the case of Lieut. Palmer was closed before Court No. 1. Lieut. Palmer reading his own defence. Subsequently, the judgment in the case has been made up and transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy, and the case of Passed Midshipman Augustus McLaughlin (dropped) is called.

In the second court, documentary evidence on behalf of the Government in the pending case of Lieut. Chandler was read, and Capt. Cunningham, United States Navy, was examined on the same side. In the third court, the case of Lieut. Baldwin (retired) was taken up. He appeared in his own behalf. Dr. C. A. Jordan, of Mo., has been appointed clerk to this court.

Lieutenant Gardner, of the United States Navy, died suddenly in a carriage, on the 23d inst. at Augusta, Ga. The United States frigate Wabash, the flag ship of the home squadron, sailed for Aspinwall on Saturday morning. It is understood that her mission to the Isthmus has reference to the disturbed condition of our affairs with the New Granadian Government. The Wabash is a new vessel, and is esteemed one of the finest in our navy. Her former trip to Aspinwall, in December last, was her first voyage.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE U. S. FRIGATE WABASH:—Hiram Paulding, Comodore; Frederick Engle, Captain; G. T. Sinclair, E. E. Barnett, D. McN. Fairfax, J. C. Beaumont, Leonard Paulding, S. P. Quackenbush, H. M. Garland, Lieutenants; G. R. B. Horner, Fleet Surgeon; McKean Buchanan, Purser; Moses B. Chase, Chaplain; B. Macomber, Captain of Marines; J. W. King, Chief Engineer; J. Harris Otis, Passed Assistant Surgeon; James Lewis, Second Lieutenant; William Johnson, Jr., Assistant Surgeon; M. Sicra, E. Lea, T. H. Dalton, C. S. Norton, A. P. Cooke, G. M. Blodgett, T. H. Eastman, H. Green, Midshipmen; Tamm Paulding, Commodore's Secretary; A. O. Shuff, Captain's Clerk; W. H. Hamilton, Gunner; C. Woodland, Boatwain; N. Mager, Carpenter; James Ferguson, Sailmaker; W. Fletcher, D. B. Macomb, First Assistant Engineers; W. S. Stamm, Second Engineer; P. G. Peltz, G. J. Jones, Geo. J. Barry, J. W. Thompson, Jr., Third Engineers; J. W. Mallach, Purser's Clerk.

The United States frigate Congress and the steam frigate Susquehanna were at Genoa on the 6th of March, and about leaving for Spain, whence they would start on a cruise up the Adriatic. The order from the Navy Department for the latter vessel to join the Niagara at Liverpool, to assist in the telegraphic enterprise, will interrupt these plans. Lieutenant R. N. Wescott, of the Congress, sailed for New Orleans on the 23d of March, via the West Indies, in charge of the American ship Fanny, whose captain had died while she was lying in the port of Genoa.

## ARMY.

THERE have been no changes for some time in the disposition of the United States military forces at this station. The operations in Florida being pretty much over for the season, there is no further need of drafting detachments of soldiers from New York. Two hundred and fifty recruits were sent to California on the 5th of April. Recruiting for the marine and army service was very brisk in this city during the winter but as the spring returns, and the opportunities for earning a livelihood increase, there is a great falling off in the number of enlistments.

## OBITUARY.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—Intelligence was received by the Niagara of the death of the Rev. David T. Stoddard, of the Nestorian mission in Coromandel.

The venerable William Stevenson, a Superannuate of Louisiana College, died on the 5th instant at the house of his son-in-law, Major Dyer, in Claiborne parish, in his 86th year. He was a pioneer preacher, and the history of Methodism, west of Mississippi river, is more bound up in his life and labor than perhaps any other man's. For several years he has been almost deaf and blind, waiting with patience till his change came. He was born in South Carolina; was converted June 1st, 1800, and ordained deacon 1813, by Bishop Asbury.

THE HON. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, of Steubenville, Ohio, is dead. He died on the 19th inst., at Steubenville, in his 85th year. He has occupied a very conspicuous position before the public, and has been an active leader of the Democratic party. He was in the Senate from 1839 to 1845—being a member of that body when the Texas treaty was before it—and was accused of having furnished the copy of the treaty (not the Mexican treaty) which appeared in the columns of one of the New York journals. Judge Tappan was a brother of Arthur Tappan, of New York, but, unlike him, was a freethinker in religion.

Weekly report of deaths, in the city and county of New York, from the 18th to the 25th day of April, 1867: Men, 69; women, 71; boys, 138; girls, 120; total, 398. Adults, 140; children, 258; males, 202; females, 191; colored persons, 12.

## FINANCIAL.

THE following is a statement of the foreign dry goods entered and thrown upon the market for the week ending the 23d inst., and for three years up to this date:

For the week.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Entered at the port.....	\$465,503	1,080,398	1,775,908
Thrown on market.....	608,161	908,750	1,179,456
Since January 1.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Entered at the port.....	\$18,230,382	34,052,800	36,297,742
Thrown on market.....	19,306,320	35,068,707	35,487,659

The Assistant Treasurer reports, the 24th, as follows: Total receipts.....\$115,878 87  
Total payments.....310,210 45  
Total balance.....14,590,226 53

The payments include \$150,000 sent to Philadelphia.

The warrants entered at the Treasury Department, Washington, on the 23d inst., were as follows: For the Treasury Department.....\$22,477 55  
For the Interior Department.....62,276 99  
For Customs.....23,467 15  
On account of the Navy.....38,916 26  
Repayments on account of the Navy.....546 74  
War warrants received and entered.....65,875 88  
War repair warrants received and entered.....8,676 36  
From miscellaneous sources.....1,039 09

The real estate operations at the Merchants' Exchange, on the 21st, reached nearly \$150,000. Some thirty-three lots in the city, several with houses on, were sold. The rest of the sale consisted of lots and houses in Yorkville, Harlem, East Side, Brooklyn and Mott Haven. The prices averaged fair. At the same place, on the 23d, some \$200,000 were realized by the sale of some fifty lots in and around Lexington and Madison avenues. Three lots adjoining, on Forty-seventh street, brought \$26,250, or \$8,750 each. Three others immediately back on Forty-eighth street, brought \$24,000, or \$8,000 each. Two lots north side of Thirty-sixth street, ninety-five feet west of Madison avenue, twenty-five by ninety-eight feet and nine inches, each \$8,985, \$17,970. A few city lots and houses, and some ninety-five lots of Harlem property, were sold at the Merchants' Exchange on the 24th inst. The whole amount realized by the sale was some \$50,000, of which the city lots and houses brought more than one-half.

## LITERARY.

THE SHADOW WORSHIPPER, &c. BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT. J. S. Redfield, 34 Beekman street, New York.

That charming authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, has written a prologue to this performance, wherein she sees, or rather foresees, the success of the labors of this new author, and remarks that "it is the natural wish of a painter to have his pictures seen, and just as natural is it that the poet should be in haste to place his pen sketches in the galleries of human appreciation; and it is the province of the true critic to give the world a true estimate of the value of such performances. We remember that Judge Pryor, of Kentucky, never refused a license to a practitioner at the bar, on account of the certainty of his being found out if deficient, either by the bench or the attorneys. Now we feel assured that in these days of reading and printing no true poet can be lost sight of. We are utterly opposed to the whim that a man must be gray before he can think or write; and although it may be politic to keep manuscript seven years, according to the Stoic rule, yet a man who waits seven years in a railroad age to ripen a poem will often find it rotten, even in his own conceit. Mr. Benedict has produced a book, a common thing enough in the mere act, but by no means so in the composition. Mr. Benedict has seen his own land, and seen Europe, he has observed and felt, but he must still read; comparison often gives as rich a zest to a good thought as it does a distaste for a poor or borrowed one. He has a good use of language, a clear sense of beauty, and an innate capacity to mould fine thoughts into fine verse; not that we conceive that verse to be perfect, but it shows a capacity for perfection. Neither is there a superfluous overplus or luxuriance of language or ideas, but a promise of future development that we think unmistakable. Nothing but the highest order of genius ever evinces perfection at the outset, and even then it is mingled with such crudities that we are amazed how the mind that could have conceived such beauties could overlook such errors. To take up *seriatim* such points as impress us at present, we will note the following. Here is a beauty:

"And Sexton Twilight comes to bury Day.  
He spreads a pall fantastic o'er the dead,  
And summons out the stars to mourn her funeral."

On the same page comes an error in versification:

"She clasped him to her passionate bosom."

By reversing the words, throwing the adjective after the noun, we have the accent easily.

On page 20 we have a speech by Arnold, commencing "I have been ill," &c. This is fair writing, but it comes in ill taste following the great passage in Festus, to which it is unnecessary to refer scholars. The line,

"Smoothed the cringing tissues of brain,"

is bad in page 21, and worse when repeated in page 119.

"In many a wild and picturesque change,"

is neither smooth nor blank verse. Million, or any other master, would have said,

"In many a change, both wild and picturesque."

Night is made a male. This is novel, but of exceedingly equivocal propriety. He who overthrows a universal rule must furnish something more as an apology for so doing than is done in the present poem. The changing of gender, or *unsexing* an established masculine, requires more reasons than Mr. Benedict has furnished, and Night will probably remain *she* until the end of time, and there is no merit in a mere change of gender without a motive. A ship may be called *he*, but without a wherefore who would approve it?

"The way of order, though it lead through windings,  
Is the best."—SCHILLER.

Another introduction of new meanings to old words is very bad, *emphatically* gratis:

"My fingers know those silken tresses' feel."—page 41.

"The feel of those damp robes is cold and chill."—page 95.

"I know the feel of it, for I have held  
Those shuddering pulses ere this lonesome hour!"

The "Lady Rosalind," commencing on page 77, is an admirable ballad. A most excellent passage is Arnold's speech, page 106, and again on 112 he utters some splendid lines. The Anglicising of such words as *Alethe* into two syllables is in equivocal taste, and as to reducing *Astarte* into the same is inadmissible.

The madness portrayed in the lines—page 128—

"She took another to his bed, she fle!

That's foul! She did it in a dream; well, well!"

is excellent, and almost worthy, yea, is worthy of Shakespeare. Ophelia or Lear could have said it with effect.

Good lines also are the three on page 134:

"A weary soul craves refuge from the storm,  
That 'mid the night, like some poor sailless barque,  
Sinks idly on a rainy sea alone."

"Jessie Liden" is a charming poem, and the "Poet's Offering," which closes the volume in its address to the lady of the poet's love, is beautiful, for why should we be ashamed to love or to tell any one of it?

"True love ne'er tires, but mounts on swallows' wings;  
Kings it makes lords, and meaner creatures kings."

The author is a poet, and the future will prove it.

SANDERS' SCHOOL SPEAKER: A Comprehensive Course of Instruction in the Principles of Oratory, with numerous Exercises for practice in Declamation. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A. M., author of "A Series of Readers," &c., &c. New York: Trivison & Plimney, 321 Broadway.

MR. SANDERS has produced a most valuable book in every respect. He has treated the subject with a simplicity and clearness which prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding, even when examined by the slowest intelligence. The elementary sounds of the letters in their various divisions and their substitutes by combination are examined, and the pronunciation of various consonant combinations, irrespective of the words of which they form parts, is well defined and strongly dwelt upon. The common fault of blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another is so strikingly illustrated that the error cannot fail to be indelibly impressed upon the memory of the reader. The chapter on accent and emphasis is admirably devised and expressed, and the arrangement of the words on the chapter upon inflections so clearly indicates the intended variations of the voice that a child could comprehend it. The succeeding chapters in modulation, pitch, quantity and the various qualities of the tones of the voice, partake of the same lucid and comprehensive excellence. The importance of gesture is also treated of, and various emphatic positions are given with the sentiment or passion they are intended to illustrate. The selections for exercise in declamation are chosen with nice judgment and much taste. They contain some of the finest bursts of eloquence, some of the rarest poetic thoughts, and are calculated to cultivate the taste, to elevate the sentiments and to inculcate both patriotism and virtue. There are sufficient sprinklings of humorous selections to lighten the studies, and to afford the necessary variety in style. In short, this new School Reader is clear, concise and comprehensive in all its treats of, and is therefore admirably adapted for educational purposes, and should be generally adopted in schools. The book contains 528 pages, and is printed in clear, bold type, on good paper.

CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR: edited by WILLIAM E. BURTON, the celebrated Comedian, containing choice and characteristic selections from the writings of the most eminent humorists of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England; to be published in twenty-five semi-monthly parts, at 25 cts. each. Illustrated with upwards of 600 engravings, and a steel portrait of William E. Burton. Agent, J. B. Ford, 9 Appleton's Building, N. Y.

This is one of the latest standard publications of the Messrs. Appletons, and we understand it meets with an unusual success. We are indebted to its pages for an extract which will be found in our May day paper. We shall recur to this work again.

Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS has in press, and nearly ready for publication, a new work entitled "The Heiress of Greenhurst." It will probably make its appearance early in May. It is spoken of as far superior to any of her previous productions.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Since our last, Madame Gazzaniga has appeared in "Il Trovatore," "Lucresia Borgia" and "Norma." We are happy to state that she has fully sustained the high position we claimed for her. Her personation of these several characters has made a profound sensation upon the public mind, and each succeeding appearance has been a new triumph, and the enthusiasm has grown stronger and stronger. She is now recognized by the public as a woman of high genius, with unequalled dramatic power and vocal ability of that kind which is the greatest, as it deals with the intelligence, the passion, the very nature of musical utterance, and affects the hearer with intense and painful interest. She throws herself unrestrainedly into the being of the character she represents, and we have a picture of living reality, of intense dramatic power, rarely to be met with on any stage. We have nothing to retract from what we said in our last; all the praise we then bestowed upon the fair Gazzaniga seems to us now cold in comparison with the subsequent impressions made upon us by her personations of Leonora, Lucresia and Norma. We repeat that Madame Gazzaniga is a great artist, and will fill a bright page in the musical history of the age. We are proud to have her here, and we trust that her residence among us will be prolonged for some time, for we cannot afford to lose one so rarely and admirably gifted.

MR. SANDERSON'S CONCERT.—Mr. Sanderson, or as he is familiarly called about town, Harry Sanderson, gave a concert at Niblo's Saloon on Tuesday evening, the 21st ult. He was assisted by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Signor Giamoni, Signor Morelli and Signor Manzocchi, who as an accompanist is very intolerable. He has an obstinate left hand which will not agree with anything, and the consequence is singularly unfortunate for the singer. We do not suppose that Signor Manzocchi pretends to be a pianist, and we do not criticise in that character; but we are compelled to say that he does not play well enough to accompany, and should advise him to leave that business to more competent hands. Mr. Harry Sanderson is a remarkable young man. He has a great natural genius for the piano, and played it by a sort of instinct long before he knew his notes. He played his own polkas, schottisches, quick-steps and operatic arrangements, and certainly displayed an aptness for composition which, had it been carefully educated, would have matured into something excellent. But the friendly praise he received for this "fatal facility" closed up his heart against study, and he went on acquiring new powers in the fingers, but leaving his mind, musically, almost a blank. In the last year or two he has studied a little, not sufficient, however, to make any mark upon his style. He has a most dexterous finger, indulges in wild difficulties, and flings out entire passages with the speed of an express train. He has great power, and dashes through everything with infinite spirit. He was repeatedly encoored, and in addition to the pieces in the programme played several polkas, schottisches, redows, &c., all of which were exceedingly spirited and pleasing. There is yet time for Mr. Sanderson to become a brilliant pianist and an accomplished musician; we hope that he has sufficient earnestness of character to make the trial. He has the best wishes of hosts of friends, and none would rejoice more sincerely than ourselves should he fulfil the expectations which his great natural abilities have raised.

Madame de Wilhorst sang very brilliantly and effectively. Her voice was in a grand order, and rang through the hall with the clearness of a trumpet. Signor Morelli is too loud and boisterous in the concert room, and Signor Giamoni is a severely robust tenor, and shouts out everything at the topmost power of his lungs, as though he were calling "fresh shad" in the market place.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the present season was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, the 25th inst. Crowded as the previous concerts have been, the crowd last Saturday evening must, we feel assured, have been greater. Hundreds of chairs were supplied, hosts of the visitors brought their own chairs, or camp stools, but still the supply fell short of the demand, and very many had to stand the whole evening. This should not be; the price of admission is too high not to be accompanied by a seat, and no one can enjoy instrumental music when wearied by standing. After the seating capacity of the house is exhausted, no more tickets should be sold. An overcrowded house is never a still one, and perfect quiet is a positive necessity to the due enjoyment of a Philharmonic Concert. To insure a large dividend should not be the one great aim of the Philharmonic Society. It should have a higher mission—a more ennobling purpose; but it goes the same way as many other admirable enterprises which, commenced for the encouragement of art, have degenerated into mere money speculations. We are pleased to see every one well paid for his labor, but we would like to see some little voluntary sacrifice for the glory of the art. That would give the Philharmonic Society a basis of permanency which would make it independent of the fickle support of the mere fashionable world. The programme, which follows, was one of great interest.

PART I.—Third Symphony, Op. 55, in E flat, L. v. Beethoven. 1. Allegro con



## CITY ITEMS.

Eric. 2. Marcia Funebre—Adagio assai. 3. Scherzo—Allegro Vivace. 4. Finale—Allegro Molto. Aria from the Oratorio "Elijah," "Hear ye, Israel," Mendelssohn; Miss Maria S. Brainerd. Solo for Piano, Introduction & Allegro appassionato, Op. 92, R. Schumann (first time in the United States); Mr. Henry C. Timm.

PART II.—Overture—"Chant des Belges," Op. 101, in C, (first time in U. S.) H. Litolff. Aria from the Opera "Roberto il Diavolo," Invano il fato, Meyerbeer; Miss Maria S. Brainerd. Selections from Mendelssohn's Music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (by particular request). Overture, a. Scherzo, b. Entr' Act. c. Notturmo. d. Wedding March. Conductor, Mr. Theodore Eisfeld.

The Third Symphony, known as the "Eroica," is familiar to our readers, and is pretty generally considered to be the best of all Beethoven's glorious symphonies. The first three movements were very finely played, the "Marcia Funebre" especially. The last movement was less carefully executed. It was in short a splendid performance. The second and third movements narrowly escaped being encoored.

Henry Litolff's overture, the "Chant des Belges," is sheerest nonsense. It is incoherent, uninteresting, and abounds with exaggerated ideas of instrumentation which are sometimes laughable, rarely effective, and extremely unpleasant as a whole. We cannot compliment the board of management upon this selection; it did not do credit either to their judgment or their taste. The selection from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," was one of the most delightful features of the programme, and we are happy to be able to accord to the performance unqualified praise. It was a rare enjoyment to listen to this exquisite music, so delicately and effectively rendered.

Miss M. S. Brainerd attempted the grand aria, "Hear ye, Israel," from the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn. This composition is far beyond the capacity of this young lady, both mentally and physically. It requires the power of a Jenny Lind or a Clara Novello to do it justice. Miss Brainerd sang it so tamely, that all its warning and prophetic character was lost. Her rendering of the aria from "Roberto il Diavolo," was open to the same objections. Its mechanical difficulties were beyond her executive power.

The piano solo was finely played by Mr. H. C. Timm, but the tone of the instrument was entirely lost in the vast area of the Academy. Mr. Eisfeld conducted the concert. Thus closed one of the most successful seasons that the Philharmonic Society has ever known.

ESWELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SERIES.—The sixth and last of these charming concerts take place at Bowery Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 5th. The programme consists of a Quartette by Mozart, Grand Trio by Beethoven, and the Grand Septette by Beethoven. This is a fine selection. The solo performers are Miss Schenck and Mr. Pichowski. The rehearsal takes place at twelve o'clock on the day of the concert. We hope to see a crowded room.

## DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The production of the much talked-of piece, "The Money Question," by young Dana, has produced much less sensation than was anticipated. It is rather a tame affair, and is eminent for nothing except long and uninteresting conversations. We cannot understand the policy of producing so rapid and worthless a piece. A dozen pieces already played by Miss Keene's company could have been revived with better success at the establishment. "The Elvies, or the Marble Bride," is still running its successful career. It has been played some forty or fifty successive nights. Miss Ada Clifton takes the part originally performed by Miss Laura Keene.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—There have been several benefits at this house during the last few nights, and we are happy to hear, with the most brilliant results. On Saturday, the 25th, Mr. Blake's benefit attracted a brilliant audience, and received the most enthusiastic testimonials of the high esteem in which he is held. He made a neat, witty and appropriate speech, in return for the honor of a call before the curtain. Mr. Wallace's benefit on Monday, the 27th, was also a bumper, and the benefactor received, with his usual happy grace, the hearty greetings of his friends and the public. Brougham's successful burlesque extravaganza, "Po-ca-hon-tas," has been revived, with its original cast and new and splendid scenery. Its revival was highly relished by the public. A new petite comedy, called "A Decided Case," is underlined, and will be very shortly produced.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport have fulfilled two weeks of their successful engagement at this establishment. Their performances are of a high character of excellence, and are eminently worthy of public patronage. These fine artists are most ably supported by Mr. Lorraine, Madame Ponisi, Mrs. L. W. Davenport, and others. Julius Caesar was performed for the benefit of Mr. E. L. Davenport, with the following admirable cast:—Mr. I. W. Wallace as Cassius; Mr. E. L. Davenport as Brutus; Mr. Lorraine as Marc Antony; Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Portia; and Madame Ponisi as Calpurnia. The new spectacular drama of great interest and peculiar construction, entitled, "The Son of Night," is in active preparation, and will be produced in a few nights. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Madame Ponisi, and Mrs. L. W. Davenport will sustain the principal characters.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—As usual, crowded houses to witness the "Green Monster" and the "Milliner," with the incomparable Ravel Family, Montpelier, Episcopo, Brilliant, Marzetti, Windel, and the extraordinary evolutions on the tight rope by V. Chiarini, Young America, and Young Hengler. For variety and excellence no place of amusement presents greater attractions than Niblo's Garden. The performances of the Ravel Family take place on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, during the stay of the Italian Opera Company in New York.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY THEATRE.—The performances at this establishment are of the same popular character as mentioned in our last issue. Novelty and incessant variety are the secrets of success at this theatre. Nothing is left undone in the endeavor to cater popularly for the patrons of the Bowery Theatre. Whatever success is gained is deserved, for it is worked for without stint of labor or expense.

CHRISTY AND WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—The entertainments of the past week were very interesting. George Christy as usual was the life and soul of the performance, and was received with shouts of laughter and applause. There is no end to the fun to be enjoyed at Christy and Wood's, and so the public seem to think, if we may judge by the crowded state of the house night after night.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADES.—The new piece entitled "The Picture Gallery," in which the principal characters are sustained by Young America, G. Swaine Buckley and R. Bishop Buckley, has met with much favor. The principal performers are irresistibly funny, and they are well supported by the excellent company. The Essence of Ole Virginny, the Old Folks' Concert and the excellent Negro Minstrelsy make up a great evening's entertainment.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

SOUVENIR D'IDLEWELL, ESQUISSE POUR LE PIANO, PAR WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. A SON AMI, N. PARKER WILLIS. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This charming composition is a musical transcription of the pleasurable emotions called forth by a passing visit to N. P. Willis, the poet, a his country home, Idlewell. We have often heard the composer speak of the pleasant art-companions of that day, while wandering in the vast wilderness of luxurious idleness amid the wild beauties of Mr. Willis' chosen home. It was truly a communion of choice spirits and rare; refined and beautiful must have been the art-theories commented on, elaborated and discussed then and there. Two more divergent minds, tending to the same end, could scarcely come in contact, and only by such opposites could the divine and subtle attributes of art be revealed and translated into a living language. As they wandered on, gazing upon the vast mountain that frowned upon the scene, everything harmonized with the tone of their unrecorded poem. Soon, however, the brow of the mountain was arched with gloom and it spoke in lightning and thunder. But it was a summer's day, and the sun shone after the cloud, and the evening breeze ushered in with glory and calm and beauty.

Upon such recollections this "Souvenir" before us was composed. Our fair friends who play this transcription will trace our brief sketch in the progress of the composition; in the introduction, which is so meditative, so tranquil, so sedentary of that "lifting of the heart" familiar to all refined lovers of nature; in the melodious "tema," so full of tenderness and sentiment; in the storm episode, in F minor; and in the delicious close which completes the tone-picture.

FANTASIE BRILLANTE, SUR L'OPERA DE VERDI, LA TRAVIATA, POUR LE PIANO, PAR WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This fantasia contains several of the most beautiful airs from Verdi's popular opera "La Traviata," presented in the most pleasing form, and contrasted with that nice tact and judgment by which all Mr. Wallace's works are distinguished. The airs are woven together artistically so that the one seems sequential to the other, and the whole composition seems homogeneous. This is an art which but few possess to an equal extent with Mr. Wallace. This fantasia is brilliant, and will prove very popular and effective in the parlor. It is calculated for good players, and will be much adopted as a teaching piece. Its dedication is to Miss Mary Lizzy Parker.

PREMIERE RENCONTRE NOCTURNE, POUR LE PIANO, PAR ROBERT STOFFEL. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This is a very tender, passion-smitten composition, and must be inevitably a favorite with our young lady pianists. It is a thoughtful composition, the work of a master hand; but there is a want of fluency, of mobility of thought, a certain hardness which leaves us unsatisfied, and which the reverse of spontaneous inspiration. The "tema," though somewhat familiar, is melodious and impassioned. The dedication is to Miss C. Benson.

WHER I WERE A FAIRY QUEEN: A SONG COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS SHOOTING; BY J. R. THOMAS. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This is an ordinary piece, the reverse of original, but light, tripping and popular in character. It is a singable song, and the accompaniment is very easy. Messrs. Hall & Son have produced these pieces in the first style of art.

Don. Neal Dow, of Portland, has been appointed Commissioner of Maine to the French Agricultural Exhibitions in Paris for 1857.

The land sales of the Illinois Central Road for third week in 1857 were \$59,725, making for the month thus far \$186,000 against \$200 in all of February last year.

THE fruits of the legislative action at Albany are beginning to show themselves. Steps have already been taken to oppose certain acts on the ground of unconstitutionality. A Committee of the Board of Aldermen have under consideration a proposition to test the constitutionality of the city charter, and we understand a report is in preparation embodying a systematic plan of action. On Wednesday, the 23d, an injunction was granted by Judge Davies, of the Supreme Court, to restrain the new Board of Police Commissioners from acting in their official capacity. The injunction was sued by Mayor Wood, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the act, particularly in giving the appointment of the commissioners to the Governor of the State, instead of making the office elective by the people. We understand that Mayor Powell, of Brooklyn, will pursue a similar course, so as to test the new law. Mayor Wood had a convocation of the chief and captains of police in his office, subsequent to the issuing of the injunction, when he addressed them at some length, announcing the step that he had taken and his determination to test the matter to the fullest extent of the law. In the meantime he strictly enjoined the police department not to recognize any other orders or authority than such as emanated from the existing Board of Commissioners, consisting of himself, the recorder and city judge. The recorder does not co-operate with the mayor in this course, but the city judge does. The position of the new Board of Police Commissioners is extremely awkward, and nothing can be done by them until the sustenance or otherwise of the injunction shall be determined. There is an immense excitement among the liquor dealers and hotel keepers. If the new license law is sustained it is supposed that nine-tenths of the liquor shops in the State will be closed up. An enormous monetary interest is at stake, and unless the law can be successfully disputed, there is no doubt that thousands will be utterly ruined. The merchants are also aroused into indignation, and intend to dispute the oppressive port warren law, which seem only to have been enacted for the special benefit of half a dozen hungry politicians. All these acts are to be contested to the utmost extent of the law, and the chances are that before a conclusion is arrived at, the affairs of the city will be in a state of splendid and inextricable confusion.

The Staten Islanders have been heard before the Quarantine Commissioners. They protest against the selection of Prince's Bay as a quarantine station, and intimate their determination to resist it by law, and, if necessary, by force of arms. The commissioners maintain that their choice is unobjectionable in every respect, and will not recede from their position. The decision of this case rests with the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Comptroller. The Governor and suite will visit the selected spot in a few days.

The long talked-of grand Citizen Volunteer Parade came off on Thursday, the 23d inst. Over 6,000 men were in the ranks; the streets were crowded as on a great holiday, and the numerous military bands imparted an air of joyousness to the brilliant scene. The Mayor and Common Council received the volunteer troops, and the whole affair went off quite creditably. The Ninth Regiment also paraded the same day.

The Health Wardens are making strict sanitary examinations of their several wards, preparatory to a prompt action of their department after the 1st of May.

There were 307 deaths in the city last week; 41 less than the number of the previous week. Of these 73 were men, 67 women, 147 boys, and 110 girls.

There were in this port on Saturday, 590 vessels, including 32 steamers, 129 ships, 87 barks, 86 brigs, and 256 schooners.

In the Board of Councilmen appropriations were made of \$5,000 for additional legal counsel in contesting the validity of the new charter. Also \$5,000 for celebrating the Fourth of July. In a Committee of the Whole the salaries of the mayor and the city inspector were raised to \$5,000 per annum.

Lord Napier, the new British minister, has been in the city during the past week. He has visited the law courts on the Exchange, and met with much courteous attention. He was present at the St. George's Society's dinner, and made a speech upon the relations between America and Great Britain which must be gratifying to both countries.

The United States steamer Niagara started on her happy voyage on Wednesday, the 23d inst. Her initial efforts were in every way satisfactory. Her speed was eleven knots an hour against a four mile breeze, but it is expected that with a fair wind, with steam and sails united, she will achieve a speed of from seventeen to eighteen knots an hour. The Niagara returned to the light ship on Friday morning in order to land some privileged guests, and immediately laid her course for England, ho!

DIRT—IMMEASURABLE DIRT.—We respectfully suggest a visit from the Health Wardens to Frankfort street. The accumulated filth of ages rests there. If there be a dirtier street in the city, let it have the first chance of disinfection, but if not the first, Frankfort is assuredly the second dirtiest street in New York, and, consequently, in the world, for we boast of a noble pre-eminence in dirt. We fear to ask them to inhale the multifarious odors of that locality, lest they should faint in disgust and return there never again. Is Frankfort street in a street-sweeping district?

## NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

CIRCULAR SAWS.—Formerly the only process of grinding saws that was known was by hand-power. A machine has been invented, however, by Mr. Hoe—a delicate piece of machinery, worked by steam-power—which produces a remarkably complete finish of the saw-plate. This machine is a vertical iron plate, with a raised centre, upon which the saw revolves. A lap, revolving with great celerity against this plate, in a direction perpendicular to its line of motion, distributes a compound of polishing material—composed of a mixture of flint and emery—upon the surface of the saw, and grinds and polishes it with perfect precision of movement. The next operation is that of a horizontal motion of the lap against the saw, which motion is so graduated at pleasure that the saw is rendered thicker or thinner at any point. The third process drives the lap laterally along the surface of the saw—insuring an equality of fin and an exact gradation of thickness. This "lap," therefore, performs not less than three distinct motions at one and the same moment. It is a marvellously ingenious and simple application of mechanical skill.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT COMET.—During the present year we may expect the return of the greatest and grandest comet described in history. It was visible in 1254, in the months of August, September and October. When its head was visible in the east, on the edge of the horizon, its tail stretched past the mid-heaven more than ten degrees. It disappeared on the night of the second of October, when Pope Urban the Fourth died, and the superstitions connected with the event. It was again observed in 1556, and its elements having been computed by Dr. Halley, Dunthorne, Flamsteed, Boume, and others, it is calculated that it will reappear during this and the next two months; but if it should be perturbed in its path by the united attractions of Jupiter, Saturn, and some other planets, at the same time, its appearance may be delayed to 1860. The expectation is, however, that it will appear this year.

AMERICAN TELESCOPES.—It was for a long time supposed that the secret or skill of telescopic mechanism rested with European artisans alone. This, however, is an erroneous idea so far as the present day is concerned. Mr. Alvin Clark, who recently made some interesting astronomical discoveries at the Cambridge Observatory, Mass., did so with a telescope made by his own hands. Besides being a mechanic, he has for some years past occupied his leisure hours in the construction of refracting telescopes, and in this department he has succeeded so well as to have constructed telescopes equal to any of their size made anywhere in the world—a fact sufficiently demonstrated by his recent discovery. He carries on, in a id, the entire process in his house at Cambridge, and has received many orders for instruments, all of which he has executed to the highest satisfaction of his patrons.

GOLD COIN SCALES ON A NEW PLAN.—A pair of curious scales for weighing gold coins, says the *Scientific American*, were exhibited at the Paris Exposition by M. Deluil, a distinguished mathematical-instrument-maker. It was operated by clockwork, and weighed ten coins at once. The number of pieces were placed on a receiver, and made to pass through different sloping grooves or channels into the basin of a pair of scales. Every single coin, as it reached the scale, was weighed and according to the length of the oscillations of the beam the weight of each was determined. But the most curious part of the scale's operations consisted in a separator trap being opened by the oscillation of the beam for each coin, according to its weight, and the coin thereby deposited in a drawer below.

The Boston *Daily Times* ceases to exist as a newspaper from this date, April 23d, it having been purchased by the proprietors of the *Herald*, and will hereafter be merged in that enterprising penny journal.

The present population of the Territory of Tehuantepec is estimated at 50,000, descendants for the most part of the original Aztecs. They are gregarious in their habits, living in communities numbering 3,000 to 4,000 each, and distant from each other five or ten miles. They are industrious, kindhearted and docile, but very thrifless.

The rumors returned to Faribault from the pursuit of the Indians confirm the rumored massacre in Blue Earth county. Forty settlers were murdered at Big Bend, and several women carried off. Great alarm was everywhere felt. All the Indians beyond the Minnesota river have assumed a hostile attitude. Rumors are rife that there is an alliance of Sioux and Chippewas.

Mr. John Oxnard, of New Orleans, left his creditors in the lurch and went to Havana a few days ago, taking \$50,000 in exchange and promissory notes, obtained from various parties, and furnishing in exchange worthless checks. He left behind him a consolatory letter for the swindled parties, assuring them of ultimate payment—the matter being merely a question of time—and that they could better adhere to it out of the money than personal friends to whom he was indebted, and whom he felt it a matter of honor to pay. The *True Delta* says: "Col. John Oxnard kept fine and fast horses, splendid and fashionable women, lived high, and played high at the clubs and gambling saloons and was, in the highest sense of the term, a fast man."

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

MR. POWELL, who painted the De Soto picture for Congress, has been appointed by the Ohio Legislature to paint a representation of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie—the price not to exceed \$5000. It will be placed in one of the panels of the rotunda of the new State House.

President Buchanan has lost another relative in the decease of Miss Lane, a niece. She died a few days ago at Lexington, Ky.

A bevy of principal fashionable ladies in Cincinnati appeared on promenade a few days since without hoops, and with robes descending "classically" straight.

Mr. Jacob Tripler, the oldest fireman in Philadelphia, died on Sunday, 19th inst. He was eighty years old, and has been for sixty-five years an active member of the United States Engine Company.

Mlle Vestvali at last accounts was to leave Mexico, for Havana. She is said to have purchased a tract of land in Tehuantepec. She expects soon to visit New York city.

The editor of a French paper, in mentioning the cause of its discontinuance, says: "Our journal has had but one solitary subscriber, a dealer in groceries, who paid in articles out of the store. For two weeks the two editors of the paper lived exclusively on salt fish and champagne."

Two white men, convicted in Columbia, South Carolina recently, for petty larceny, and sentenced—one to receive 30 and the other 10 lashes—were bared on Monday last, and received the penalty of the law.

One of the passengers on the Petersburg train last week jumped from the cars, while crossing the bridge here, into the river below. The bridge is one of the highest in the State, and the bed of the river filled with rocks. Yet wonderful to tell, he escaped serious injury, and succeeded in clambering upon one of the islets in the river, where a boat came to his assistance.

The streets in the city of Chicago and the buildings are to be raised fifteen feet. This will enable the inhabitants to adopt an effectual system of sewerage, and add much to the permanent beauty as well as health of the place.

An immense mass of pure copper, valued at \$150,000, has been recently taken from one of the Lake Superior mines. It is 45 feet in length, and in the thickest part as much as eight or nine feet in thickness. If it is as pure as it appears to be, it contains, probably, more than 600 tons of metal, and it is certainly worth, as it lies, more than \$150,000.

The experiment of improving the native breed of horses on Cape Cod, by the introduction of wild horses from Sable Island, has proved a failure, the wild horses having died or been raised by their superior fare.

A new mode of treating and ventilating the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital has been adopted successfully. The plan referred to consists in the use of steam for heating and the employment of mechanical ventilation by means of a large fan driven by steam power, forcing fresh air through flues into all parts of the building.

A hen belonging to Elijah Amidon, of Belchertown, made a mistake last week, and laid two eggs in one shell, the result being a monstrous specimen of its kind, measuring 8½ by 8 inches.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bacon, of Portland, while engaged on Monday in preparing the altar in the Catholic Church for the devotional service of Holy Week, fell from a ladder, and was precipitated against a statue, breaking his right arm, fracturing the elbow joint, and producing a severe contusion of the hip and right side.

The new cent will be distributed from the Philadelphia mint about the 1st of May.

The Worcester Transcript says that in addition to four murder cases, forty-two bills for divorce are to come before the present term of the Supreme Court for Worcester county.

According to the official figures, there are 8,600 voters in the city of Washington, the national capital. This represents a population of some 90,000 souls, a fact which shows that the place increases much more rapidly than has been generally supposed. When the census of 1860 shall be taken, the aggregate will no doubt exceed 100,000.

A private letter from a French naval officer serving in the Chinese squadron says that many of the Europeans who partook of the poisoned bread at Hong Kong, lost their teeth, their nails, and even the hair of their heads. A Russian captain was attacked with ophthalmia, and his sight is despaired of. About 400 persons were more or less poisoned.

Capt. Soule, of the bark Oregon, arrived at New York from Havre, reports that on the 25th of March, in latitude 46° 06', longitude 68° 50', during a dense fog, three balls of fire passed over the vessel, making a noise similar to shots from a cannon. The last one burst about the masthead, casting sparks all about the deck. Every person on deck at the time was knocked down, but without injury.

Signor A. Martinez, born in Saragossa, Spain, and one of the most accomplished guitarists in the United States, was run over and killed on the Michigan Central Railroad at Detroit, lately. He was forty-seven years of age.

Pantaloon costumes costing \$60 a pair are among the spring fashions announced for gentlemen in New York.

As a train of cars on the Ohio Central Railroad was nearing Columbus, recently, the engineer discovered a man a short distance ahead, crawling upon his hands and knees across the track. Before the engine could be stopped, the man was struck and torn all to pieces. One arm was thrown fifty feet from the body.

A scientific expedition, to circumnavigate the globe, and every accessible coast and climate, is about to be dispatched by the Austrian Government. The *serenos* of Europe are looking forward to the results of this expedition with deep interest. Lead ng men in the different departments of science, it is expected, will go with the expedition.

The smallpox is raging with fearful effect in the towns of Candalla and Sanos, in Mexico, and some 700 have already died with it.

The Baltimore True Union says: "Lord's day services have of late been held by the Israelites of our city. A call is now made for a decision, as to the permanent continuance of the arrangement. This will prove an important step to the Jews, should the arrangement prove permanent."

The wife of Theodore Ford, of Concord, N.H., hung herself on Sunday, in her dwelling-house, from insanity caused by Millerism.

A letter from Venice announces that a painting by Paul Veronese, for three centuries the property of the Pisani family, has been purchased by the British Government for £14,900 sterling.

The Archbishop of St. Louis has received from Rome apostolic letters confirming the appointment and authorizing the consecration of the new bishops of the province of St. Louis. They are Right Rev. James Dugan, Bishop of Ancone, in perthia, and coadjutor of the Archbishop of St. Louis; Right Rev. Clement Smyth, Bishop of Athanasia, and coadjutor of the Bishop of Dubuque; Right Rev. H. D. Juncker, Bishop of Alton, Illinois.

There died lately in the province of Vilna, Russia, a peasant named Kiawelki, who had attained the astonishing age of 137 years and six months. An old soldier died in the Russian province of Kieff, in 1844, at the age of 163.

Dr. Jean Baptiste Theophile Dorion, a gentleman of standing and position in society, and in the possession of upwards of £50,000, has been convicted at Montreal for stealing silver spoons, two promissory notes of £100, and a gold headed cane and six books, from Dr. Levere Donan, whom he attended in his last illness. The alleged theft took place on the 24th of June, 1851, nearly six years ago, and the chief witnesses were two brothers of the prisoner, who saw the goods taken. The accused said that the charges were the result of a conspiracy to ruin him, but the jury, after an absence of five minutes, found him guilty. When the verdict was announced the prisoner staggered in the dock, and was ashy pale.

A physiologist of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing moustaches strengthens the eye-sight, and that the removal of these hairy appendages has the effect of causing general diseases of the eye.

Large fires are said to be raging in the neighborhood of Wilmington, North Carolina, and that serious damage has been done to the interests of the turpentine growers. A private letter from Wilmington states that an extensive producer of turpentine near that place had lost by the fire upwards of 25,000 turpentine trees.

A coal burning locomotive in Illinois recently ran 254 miles and saved \$22.50 in cost of fuel, by burning coal instead of wood. The coal used in Illinois is the bituminous.

The managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad, Canada, had one of their switch men arrested on a charge of wilfully neglecting his duty by absenting himself without the permission of his superior officer, whereby a train of cars ran off the track of the railroad, thereby exposing the property and persons of the passengers to great risk and injury. The accused was fully committed to await his trial at the next court of the Queen's Bench.

Thirty-six feet of building ground were sold last week in Chicago at the rate of \$975 per foot.

The English Wesleyan Missionary Society propose to raise \$250,000 for their operations in Ireland. Of this amount it is expected that the Methodist churches in this country will raise \$100,000, and the remainder is to be contributed by British Methodists.

Oscar M. Brooks, of Berkley, has been held to bail in the sum of \$1,000 on a charge of instigating one Frank Marsh to administer strychnine to the house of Deputy Sheriff Cobb, of Taunton, on the 16th of March.

There is a family in Hadley, Mass., some member of which has been justice of the peace in the county since 1650, or about two hundred years. This would be called a judicial family in a small way.





THE FALLS AND TOWN OF ST. ANTHONY, ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, OVER TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM THE GULF OF

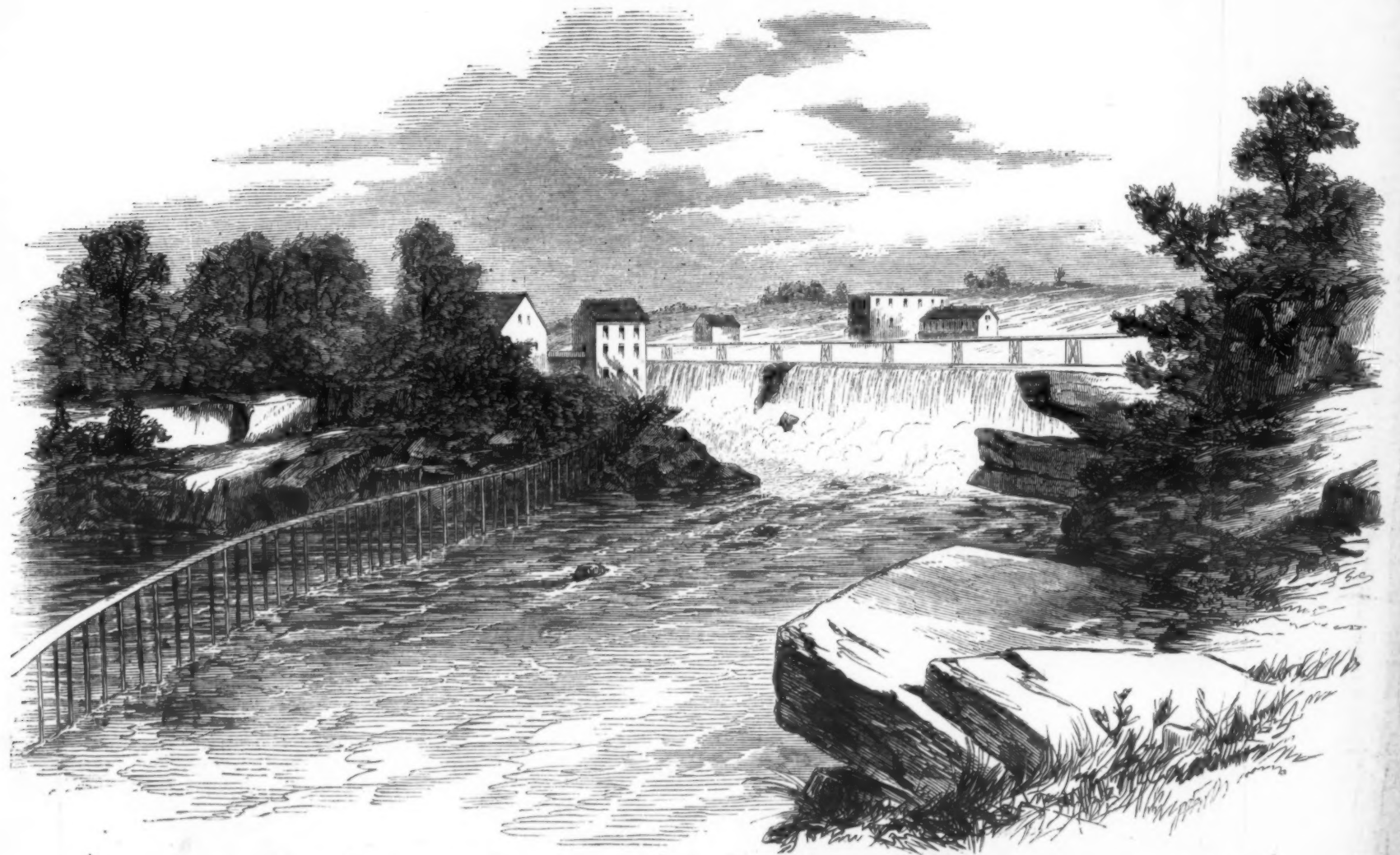
## HON. W. B. REED, AMERICAN COMMISSIONER TO CHINA.

Our commercial relations with China have heretofore occupied but little real attention on the part of our Government. Our merchants have been for years carrying on a large and successful trade with that distant nation, and have always taken care of

themselves, relying for personal protection principally upon the sympathetic kindness of the English and French Consulates, our own having little inclination to act, and no real power if they desired to do so. The opening of California and the sudden growth of our immense commerce on the Pacific coast have conjointly made the "Flowery Land" a place of daily increasing importance, and now that England has stepped in with the evi-

dent intention of revolutionizing and possibly changing the entire order of things in China, our Government and our people feel that we must awaken from our supineness, and vigorously prosecute our rights, and properly establish among the Celestials our admitted importance among other and more enlightened nations. It is always a painful subject for an American journal to speak of our diplomatic representatives. They are comparatively

worthless except in the second instance, makes sustained indeed "that like the thortical power murder blood in the sylvan step to and the but also as repr can na father gradus Richa London merel the An quent soon to Adj activ the d he s and sion " he Gre kno trea Pre and ret 178 he w to dic the th



VIEW OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA. FROM NATURE, BY E. WHITEFIELD.





KICO, AS HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE "GREAT FATHER OF WATERS." FROM NATURE, BY E. WHITEFIELD, OF MINNESOTA.

# THE TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA.

THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.—HOW TO GO WEST.—DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS.

We present to our readers two magnificent views of a series which, with the boundless wealth of the mighty West. We shall give a gallery of beauty, and bring home to our readers living in the Atlantic States, the

causes—first, they are, with very few nature from performing their duties; and very administration of our Government right the wrongs of Americans abroad, or rests in foreign lands, nugatory. Keen of Yeh, the Viceroy of Canton, who said, "were a very good people, for they did not, or make war because the Chinese attacked their countrymen." Alas! what political vitality, have the bleaching bones of China or Brazil? None, and hence their chance, for ever unheeded, from the ground. ment of the Hon. W. B. Reed, of Pennsylvania to China, we think we behold the first of things by the present administration, and capable men are to be sent abroad, bestowed upon them that will make them at in holding up the honor of the American comes from Revolutionary stock. His father, was born in New Jersey in 1741, and in 1767. He then studied law with London, and finally became a student at the Temple, he frequented the house of an English merchant, Berdt, who was for some time agent for the daughter of this gentleman he subsequently returned to the United States, Mr. Reed as a leader. He accompanied Washington as Secretary to Cambridge, and was afterwards in the army, and distinguished himself for his courage. He was at the battle of Germantown, and the results followed from councils which he was a member of Congress in 1777-78, honorable by replying to the British Commissioner to negotiate, if not to buy, a peace, that he was poor as he was the King of England, rich enough to do it." This fact became an effect upon the American people, who regarded him as a Commissioner with contempt. He was elected to the people's convention held in Pennsylvania, and Governor of the State, which office he resumed the practice of law. In 1780, for his health, but without benefit, for he died the following year. His wife, who was her talents, beauty and patriotic efforts, died while suffering at Valley Forge, in the year 1780. George W. Reed, a general, commanded the Vixen during the war, and was a prisoner in England. Mr. Reed, who can be so justly proud of his high position in his native State of Pennsylvania, a politician he has ever been known as an ardent friend and admirer of Mr. Clay, and a General of the State. He has been a member of the Legislature, and run several times for Congress. In his presidential campaign he was an active supporter of Mr. Buchanan, and wrought a powerful effect upon the political associates. He was in a high position by the administration without being honorable to the power that bestowed it. The country expects much from Mr. Reed, and every anticipation will be fully realized, for he has the good feeling of the country on his side, and of his usefulness before him well calculated to aid his patriotic ambition.



MON. W. B. REED, AMERICAN COMMISSIONER TO CHINA. AMBROTTYPED BY JOHN



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the latest arrivals we glean the following news, interesting but by no means important.

**ENGLAND.**—The elections were almost over. The London Post summarizes the result thus:—Liberal, 385; Liberal-conservative, 74; conservative, 206. Ministerial losses, 13; gains, 76.—The Hon. Sidney Herbert was spoken of to replace Lord Palmer as Minister of War.—The Ministerial candidate for Speaker of the House of Commons is the Hon. Evelyn Denison.—The Great Western Railroad Company of Canada had declared a dividend of nine per cent.—The English Government has agreed to furnish to the Atlantic Telegraph Company three steamships—one to make soundings, and two to assist in laying the cable. The Agamemnon, ninety gun screw steamship of 3,000 tons, is to be employed to lay down the cable, in connection with the United States steamship Niagara. The entire cable will be completed in June, and be laid in July next.

**FRANCE.**—Various rumors had been in circulation of an attempt upon the Emperor's person, but they were without foundation. The rumors were owing to the fact that several arrests had taken place in Paris and the departments, of persons connected with a secret society.—A convention has been concluded between Great Britain and France for preventing future misunderstanding with regard to the right of trading at Portendie, on the west coast of Africa, and at Albrede, on the River Gambia. Great Britain relinquishes the right hitherto enjoyed under treaty of trading from the mouth of the river St. John to the bay and port of Portendie. France cedes to England the French factory at Albrede, but the French are to have free access to the river Gambia for the purposes of commerce, and are to be allowed to reside at the town of Bathurst, and such other trading stations as may hereafter be appointed.—In Paris, on the 6th inst., the funds closed at 89½ for money, and 69½ for account, and on the 9th inst. at 69½ for money, and 69½ for account, showing an abatement in the pressure for money by an increase in the fears of speculators.

**SPAIN.**—A royal decree enacts that sixteen battalions of infantry of the army of Cuba shall be formed into eight regiments of two battalions each.—A Madrid letter says very active combats are taking place between the Spanish Government and those of France and England on the subject of the difference between Spain and Mexico. The Spanish Cabinet hope to obtain the moral support of those two Powers, and in the event of the question going beyond a war between Spain and Mexico, their material support also.

**SWITZERLAND.**—It seems the Neuchâtel question now turns solely on the amount of indemnity to be paid by Switzerland to Prussia.

**DENMARK.**—All the Ministers have tendered their resignations on account of local politics.—The Berlin *Zeitung* denies that a delay has been accorded to Denmark by Austria and Prussia for the settlement of the Holstein question through French influence. It also confirms the statement that Russia has refused to agree to the claims of Denmark being referred to the arbitration of European Powers.—The Danish Diet has unanimously approved of the abolition of the Sound dues, and the treaty concluded with the various Powers.—*Le Nord* says that Denmark is preparing to employ the major portion of the capitalization of the Sound dues in paying the two loans contracted in London in 1849 and 1850, which at present constitutes a heavy burden.

**AUSTRIA.**—Respecting the Austro-Sardinian rupture, an Austrian circular despatch states that should the mediation of England and France prove unsuccessful, Austria will have to look to measures for her own protection. The authenticity of this circular, however, is denied.

**ITALY.**—A despatch from General Marini, the Austrian Ambassador at Naples, repeats the statement that the King of Naples is taking measures to dispose of the kingdom towards the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Western Powers.—The Papal Government announces a further reduction in the customs tariff, to take effect immediately. The import duty on manufactured articles of coarse silk, linen, cotton, wool and leather is reduced 30 to 70 per cent; on wearing apparel 50; on linen or woollen thread 33; on felt for paper mills 50; on palm oil 50; on common soap 40, and on books bound in cloth 40. On imports of raw silk, on coarse silk, oned and combed, is reduced two-thirds, and on wool and rags four-fifths. The duty on the export of wine is doubled.

**PRUSSIA.**—A letter from St. Petersburg, in *Le Nord*, of Brussels, says the operation of raising the vessels sunk in the port of Sebastopol has commenced. There are upwards of eighty of them sunk, and sixteen have already been recovered, namely the *Chersonese*, a steamer of 260 horse power, four transports, one brig, *Leopold*, two tenders and six smaller craft. Four transports are already afloat, and are engaged in conveying provisions and equipment. The *Chersonese* is undergoing repairs at Nicolaïev, and will be launched again in the spring. Besides these vessels the government have six sailing transports and some steamers of from sixty to 100 horse power, and have lately bought five screw steamers, which are to cruise along the eastern coasts on the Black Sea.

**TURKEY.**—The *Turkish Gazette* announces the formation of a permanent diplomatic mission at St. Petersburg. Riza Bey is appointed to the post. The Ottoman Ambassador at Teheran has presented a note, requiring the execution of the treaty of delimitation and the restitution of seven towns to Turkey, particularly Our, Meah and Sulman Ich.

In respect to the union of the Principality, we read that the opinion of the Porte had considerably modified, being now inclined to consent to the arrangement, on condition that its suzerainty shall be respected, and that the United Provinces continue to pay an annual tribute.

The investigation into the filibustering expedition to Circassia, per the Kanagaro, proceeds.

Extensive emigration is organizing from Germany to Turkey.

## THE LATEST NEWS.

General Outram was about to send an expedition to capture Mehemmed, on the Kayoon. The embarkation of troops had commenced, and an attack was expected to take place between the 15th and 20th of March.

The Persian army was again collecting at Buragoun.

Another and more serious meeting of the men of the 19th Bengal native infantry, at Morchhababad, had been suppressed by the presence of a small force of cavalry and artillery.

The Liverpool cotton market exhibited a drooping tendency, and an actual decline had been submitted to on some of the higher grades, while for the lower descriptions the quotations advised per the Arabia were barely maintained. The sales of the week ending Thursday (Good Friday) having been observed as a close holiday amounted to 40,000 bales, nearly all of which was to the trade and exporters. In broad stuffs a general decline pervaded the market. Flour and wheat were nominally unchanged, although the tendency was decidedly downward. Corn is quoted a trifle lower, but closed steady at the decline. Provisions generally showed no change of moment. The London money market continued stringent. Consols closed at 92 6/8ths to 92 3/4 for money, and 98 1/2 to 98 3/4 for account.

By recent news from Mexico, we find that there was considerable excitement in Santa Fe, growing out of a collision between the United States troops and a Mexican. A soldier was in the store of a citizen named Gruber, an apothecary, and having some difficulty with him, he advanced on Gruber with an iron case. Gruber fired at and wounded the soldier, who was carried off, and Gruber gave himself up, and was taken to jail. The soldier belonged to the third infantry, the members of which were much incensed. Captain Brooks gave strict orders to his men not to leave their quarters, but in the evening, in his absence, they rushed to the jail to kill Gruber. When they effected an entrance they first, without much reference to their position, some forty shots. One prisoner was killed instantly, two others were wounded, and Gruber received five balls. Gruber died next day, and was buried by the Order of Old Fellows. So soon as the conduct of the soldiers was made known the officers of the regiment drew them off, and ordered them to the barracks. Gruber was a Mexican, and there was much excitement in the town against the soldiers, but it was subsiding. Some of the soldiers had been identified, and would be brought to trial for the offence. A court martial was being held at Santa Fe for the trial of charges against Captain George McLean. The Democratic Convention nominated James L. Collins, Esq., for Governor, and Otero, late delegate to Congress, for re-election. No Indians were seen on the plains. The weather was very disagreeable.

The *Cahawba* has arrived at New Orleans with Havana dates to the 20th inst. The sugar market was unsettled, but prices had further advanced. A heavy westerly gale swept the Gulf on the 13th inst. The *Cahawba*, on the morning of the 14th, off Havana, fell in with the bark *Warner*, from New York, entirely abandoned, and put a crew on board, with directions to take her into Norfolk.

## NAVY.

The following vessels of the Pacific fleet have been ordered to Panama:

Frigate Independence..... 50 guns.  
Sloop of war John Adams..... 20 "  
Sloop of war Decatur..... 18 "

Total guns..... 86

Of the above fleet, the Independence and Decatur were at Panama on the 4th inst. The John Adams was at Callao on the 12th of March, but she has probably arrived at Panama before this.

Of the home squadron, the following vessels have been ordered to Aspinwall: Steam frigate Wabash..... 40 guns.  
Sloop of war Saratoga..... 20 "  
Sloop of war Cyane..... 20 "

Total guns..... 80

The Cyane was at Aspinwall on the 4th inst. The Wabash sailed from New York on the 18th inst., and the Saratoga, which was at Havana on the 14th of this month, has probably received her orders and departed for Aspinwall before this time.

We learn that Captain Montgomery has been appointed to the command of the United States steamer *Rossmore*, now at Norfolk, to which the crew of the *Merrimack* has been transferred. The former will be in the course of a few days make her trial trip.

Captain Dupont has been ordered to the command of the new United States steamer *Minnesota*.

The United States Naval Academy dispatched a mail bag for the squadron on the coast of Brazil, on Tuesday, 28th inst. The vessels on the Brazil station are the Frigate St. Lawrence and sloop *Falmouth*.

The United States Naval Academy also forwarded a mail to Genoa, for the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, consisting of the steam frigate *Susquehanna*, frigate *Osage* and sloop *Conestoga*.

On Monday afternoon the case of Lieut. Palmer was closed before Court No. 1, Lieut. Palmer reading his own defence. Subsequently, the judgment in the case has been made up and transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy, and the case of Passed Midshipman Augustus McLaughlin (dropped) is called.

In the second court, documentary evidence on behalf of the Government in the pending case of Lieut. Chandler was read, and Capt. Cunningham, United States Navy, was examined on the same side.

In the third court, the case of Lieut. Baldwin (retired) was taken up. He appeared in his own behalf. Dr. C. A. Jordan, of Me., has been appointed clerk to this court.

Lieutenant Gardner, of the United States Navy, died suddenly in a carriage, on the 23d inst., at Augusta, Ga.

The United States frigate Wabash, the flag ship of the home squadron, sailed for Aspinwall on Saturday morning. It is understood that her mission to the Isthmus has reference to the disturbed condition of our affairs with the New Granadian Government. The Wabash is a new vessel, and is esteemed one of the finest in our navy. Her former trip to Aspinwall, in December last, was her first voyage.

LAST OFFICERS OF THE U. S. FRIGATE WABASH.—Hiram Paulding, Commander; Frederick Engle, Captain; G. T. Sinclair, E. E. Barnet, D. Mc Nary, J. C. Beaumont, Leonard Paulding, S. P. Quackenbush, H. M. Garland, Lieutenants; G. R. B. Horner, Fleet Surgeon; McKean Buchanan, Purser; Moses B. Chase, Chaplain; B. Macomber, Captain of Marines; J. W. King, Chief Engineer; J. Harris Otis, Passed Assistant Surgeon; James Lewis, Second Lieutenant; William Johnson, Jr., Assistant Surgeon; M. Sibra, E. Lea, T. H. Dalton, C. S. Norton, A. P. Cooke, G. M. Blodgett, T. H. Eastman, H. Green, Midshipmen; Tattall Paulding, Commodore's Secretary; A. O. Shuff, Captain's Clerk; W. H. Hambley, Gunner; C. Woodland, Boatswain; N. Mager, Carpenter; James Ferguson, Sailmaker; W. Fletcher, D. B. Macomb, First Assistant Engineer; W. S. Stamm, Second Engineer; P. G. Peltz, G. J. Jones, Geo. J. Barry, J. W. Thompson, Jr., Third Engineer; J. W. Mallach, Purser's Clerk.

The United States frigate Congress and the steam frigate Susquehanna were at Genoa on the 6th of March, and about leaving for Spain, whence they were to cruise on the Adriatic. The officers from the Navy Department for the latter vessel to join the Niagara at Liverpool, to assist in the telegraphic enterprise, will interrupt their passage in Liverpool. Lieutenant R. N. Westcott, of the Congress, sailed for New Orleans on the 23d of March, via the West Indies, in charge of the American ship *Fanny*, whose captain had died while she was lying in the port of Genoa.

## ARMY.

THERE have been no changes for some time in the disposition of the United States military forces at this station. The operations in Florida being pretty much over for the season, there is no further need of drafting detachments of soldiers from New York. Two hundred and fifty recruits were sent to California on the 5th of April. Recruiting for the marine and army service was very brisk in this city during the winter; but as the spring returns, and the opportunities for earning a livelihood increase, there is a great falling off in the number of enlistments.

## OBITUARY.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—Intelligence was received by the Niagara of the death of the Rev. David T. Stoddard, of the Nestorian mission in Caramania.

THE venerable William Stevenson, a Superannuate of Louisiana College, died on the 5th instant at the house of his son-in-law, Major Dyer, in Caramania parish, in his 80th year. He was a pioneer preacher, and the history of Methodism, west of Mississippi river, is more bound up in his life and labors than perhaps any other man's. For several years he has been almost deaf and blind, waiting with patience till his change came. He was born in South Carolina; was converted June 1st, 1800, and ordained deacon 1813, by Bishop Asbury.

THE HON. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, of Steubenville, Ohio, is dead. He died on the 19th inst., at Steubenville, in his 85th year. He has occupied a very conspicuous position before the public, and has been an active leader of the Democratic party. He was in the Senate from 1859 to 1864—being a member of that body when the Texas treaty was before it—and was accused of having furnished the copy of the treaty (not the Mexican treaty) which appeared in the columns of one of the New York journals. Judge Tappan was brother of Arthur Tappan, of New York, but, unlike him, was a freethinker in religion.

Weekly report of deaths, in the city and county of New York, from the 18th to the 25th day of April, 1867: Men, 69; women, 71; boys, 130; girls, 120; total, 393. Adults, 140; children, 253; males, 202; females, 191; colored persons, 12.

## FINANCIAL.

THE following is a statement of the foreign dry goods entered and thrown upon the market for the week ending the 23d inst., and for three years up to this date:

For the week.	1865.	1866.	1867.
Entered at the port.....	\$465,593	1,030,398	1,775,906
Thrown on market.....	605,161	995,750	1,179,456
Since January 1.....	1855.	1856.	1857.
Entered at the port.....	\$18,230,382	34,062,800	36,297,742
Thrown on market.....	19,366,320	35,068,797	35,487,659
The Assistant Treasurer reports, the 24th, as follows:			
Total receipts.....			\$115,878 47
Total payments.....			310,219 85
Total balance.....			14,800,226 53

The payments include \$150,000 sent to Philadelphia.

The warrants entered at the Treasury Department, Washington, on the 23d inst., were as follows:

For the Treasury Department.....	\$22,477 55
For the Interior Department.....	62,276 99
For Customs.....	23,457 15
On account of the Navy.....	38,916 26
Repayments on account of the Navy.....	546 74
War warrants received and entered.....	65,875 88
War repay warrants received and entered.....	8,675 36
From miscellaneous sources.....	1,039 69

The real estate operations at the Merchants' Exchange, on the 21st, reached nearly \$150,000. Some thirty-three lots in the city, several with houses on, were sold. The rest of the sale consisted of lots and houses in Yorkville, Harlem, East Side, Brooklyn and Mott Haven. The prices averaged fair. At the same place, on the 23d, some \$200,000 were realized by the sale of some fifty lots in and around Lexington and Madison avenues. Three lots adjoining, on Forty-seventh street, brought \$25,200, or \$8,750 each. Three others immediately back on Forty-eighth street, brought \$24,000, or \$8,000 each. Two lots north side of Thirty-sixth street, ninety-five feet west of Madison avenue, twenty-five by ninety-eight feet and ninety inches, each \$8,000, \$17,970. A few city lots and houses, and some ninety-five lots of Harlem property, were sold at the Merchants' Exchange on the 24th inst. The whole amount realized by the sale was some \$500,000, of which the city lots and houses brought more than one-half.

## LITERARY.

THE SHADOW WHISPERS, &c. BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT. J. S. Redfield, 34 Beekman street, New York.

THAT charming authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, has written a prologue to this performance, wherein she sees, or rather foresees, the success of the labors of this new author, and remarks that "it is the natural wish of a painter to have his pictures seen, and just as natural is it that the poet should be in haste to place his pen sketches in the galleries of human appreciation;" and it is the province of the true critic to give the world a true estimate of the value of such performances. We remember that Judge Fryor, of Kentucky, never refused a license to a practitioner at the bar, on account of the certainty of his being found out if deficient, either by the bench or the attorneys. Now we feel assured that in these days of reading and printing no true poet can be lost sight of. We are utterly opposed to the whim that a man must be gray before he can think or write; and although it may be pottle to keep manuscript seven years, according to the Stoic rule, yet a man who waits seven years in a railroad age to ripen a poem will often find it rotten, even in his own conceit. Mr. Benedict has produced a book, a common thing enough in the mere act, but by no means so in the composition. Mr. Benedict has seen his own land, and seen Europe, he has observed and felt, but he must still read; comparison often gives a zest to a good thought as it does a distaste for a poor or borrowed one. He has a good use of language, a clear sense of beauty, and an innate capacity to mould fine thoughts into fine verse; not that we conceive that verse to be perfect, but it shows a capacity for perfection. Neither is there a superfluous surplus or luxuriance of language or ideas, but a promise of future development that we think unmistakable. Nothing but the highest order of genius ever evinces perfection at the outset, and even then it is mingled with such crudities that we are amazed how the mind that could have conceived such beauties could overlook such errors. To take up *seriatim* such points as impress us at present, we will note the following. Here is a beauty:

"And when Twilight comes to bury Day,  
He spreads a pall fantastic o'er the dead,  
And summons out the stars to mourn her funeral."

On the same page an error in versification:

"She clasped him to her passionate bosom."

By reversing the words, throwing the adjective after the noun, we have the accent easily.

On page 20 we have a speech by Arnold, commencing "I have been ill," &c. This is fair writing, but it comes in ill taste following the great passage in *Faust*, to which it is unnecessary to refer scholars. The line,

"Smoothed the cringing tissues of brain,"

is bad in page 21, and worse when repeated in page 110.

"In many a wild and picturesque change,"

is neither smooth nor blank verse. Milton, or any other master, would have said,

"In many a change, both wild and picturesque."

Night is made a male. This is novel, but of exceedingly equivocal propriety. He who overthrows a universal rule must furnish something more as an apology for so doing than is done in the present poem. The changing of gender, or asserting an established masculine, requires more reason than Mr. Benedict has furnished, and Night will probably remain the until the end of time, and there is no merit in a mere change of gender without a motive. A ship may be called *he*, but without a wherefore who would approve it?

"The way of order, though it lead through windings,  
Is the best."—SCHILLER.

Another introduction of new meanings to old words is very bad, *exempli gratia*:

"My fingers know those silken tresses' feel."—page 41.

"The feel of those damp robes is cold and chill."—page 95.

"I know the feel of it, for I have held  
Those shuddering pulses ere this lonesome hour!"

The "Lady Rosalind," commencing on page 77, is an admirable ballad. A most excellent passage is Arnold's speech, page 106, and again on 112 he utters some splendid lines. The Anglicizing of such words as *Aletheia* into two syllables is in equivocal taste, and as to reducing *Astarete* into the same is inadmissible.

The madness portrayed in the lines—page 128—

"She took another to his bed, she! she!  
That's foul! She did it in a dream; well, well!"

is excellent, and almost worthy, yea, is worthy of Shakespeare. Ophelia or Lear could have said it with effect.

Good lines also are the three on page 134:

"A weary soul craves refuge from the storm,  
That 'mid the night, like some poor sailless barque,  
Sinks idly on a rainy sea alone."

"Jessie Linden" is a charming poem, and the "Poet's Offering," which closes the volume in its address to the lady of the poet's love, is beautiful, for why should we be ashamed to love or to tell any one of it?

"True love ne'er tires, but mounts on swallows' wings;  
Kings it makes lords, and meaneer creatures kings."

The author is a poet, and the future will prove it.

SANDER'S SCHOOL SPEAKER: A Comprehensive Course of Instruction in the Principles of Oratory, with numerous Exercises for practice. The Edition.

By CHARLES W. SANDER, A. M., author of "A Series of Readers," &c., &c.

New York: Ivison & Phinney, 321 Broadway.

MR. SANDER has produced a most valuable book in every respect. He has treated the subject with a simplicity and clearness which prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding, even when examined by the slowest intelligence. The elementary sounds of the letters in their various divisions and their sub-figures by combination are explained, and the pronunciation of various consonant combinations, irrespective of the words of which they form parts, is well defined and strongly dwelt upon. The common fault of blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another is so strikingly illustrated that the error cannot fail to be indelibly impressed upon the memory of the reader. The chapter on accent and emphasis is admirably devised and expressed, and the arrangement of the words on the chapter upon inflections so clearly indicates the intended variations of the voice that a child could comprehend it. The succeeding chapters in modulation, pitch, quantity and the various qualities of the tones of the voice, partake of the same lucid and comprehensive excellence. The importance of gesture is also treated of, and various emphatic positions are given with the sentiment or passion they are intended to illustrate. The selections for exercise in declamation are chosen with nice judgment and much taste. They contain some of the finest bursts of eloquence, some of the rarest poetic thoughts, and are calculated to cultivate the taste, to sweeten the sentiments, and to inculcate both patriotism and the various duties of the citizen. The book is a most valuable selection to lighten the studies, and to afford the necessary variety in style. In short, this new School Reader is clear, concise and comprehensive in all its treats of, and is therefore admirably adapted for educational purposes, and should be generally adopted in schools. The book contains 528 pages, and is printed in clear, bold type, on good paper.

CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR; edited by WILLIAM E. BURTON, the celebrated Comedian, containing choice and characteristic selections from the writings of the most eminent humorists of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England; to be published in twenty-five semi-monthly parts, at 25 cts. each. Illustrated with upwards of 600 engravings, and a steel portrait of William E. Burton. Agent, J. B. Ford, 9 Appleton's Building, N. Y.

This is one of the latest standard publications of the Messrs. Appletons, and we understand it meets with an unqualified success. We are indebted to its pages for an extract which will be found in our May day paper. We shall recur to this work again.

Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS has in press, and nearly ready for publication, a new work entitled "The Heiress of Greenhurst." It will probably make its appearance early in May. It is spoken of as far superior to any of her previous productions.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.—NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We take off our hat to Philadelphia. We honor its instant appreciation of genius; we respect its judgment which could separate the gift from the gingerbread, the refined glitter from the solid substance—which could afford the brilliant and the magnificent style which has obtained for a year or two past on our operatic stage, while weighing the merits of a young aspirant less mechanically gifted. But our friends in Philadelphia were wrong to be exercised because their favorite Gazzaniga was not immediately recognised in New York as the great creature which she really is. Everything was adverse to her first appearance. She herself was suffering from sickness, and gave but little evidence of the greatness of her powers, and every body was wet and every thing was damp and uncomfortable. But with renewed health and recovered power she takes a new position, and has arisen in our horizon as a star of the first magnitude. We recognize her as the greatest dramatic vocalist that has visited America since the days of the youthful Malibran—whom, by-the-by, she equals, nay, perhaps surpasses, in intense force of passionate declamation.

Madame Marietta Gazzaniga is quite young; we dare not even hazard a guess at her age, but she is most certainly very young, and the joyful ringing spirit of youth speaks out in every gesture, bursts forth in every ringing tone of her fresh, bright voice. If her features are not quite regular—if her face is not entirely beautiful, it must be the spirituality of her nature that gives to every play of her countenance an indescribable charm, which, if it is not beauty, is certainly the sublimed essence to the beautiful. Her face is the mirror of every emotion of her heart and mind, and every reflection is a revelation of her soul. Her voice is pure and delicious in quality, sonorous and powerful in strength, and in its fullness and richness it retains its integrity of tone. It does not possess a natural, involuntary flexibility, but we are satisfied that a little direct study will give her all that mere mechanism of vocalization which she requires; but if that is to be acquired at a sacrifice of one iota of the breadth and strength of her present style, we trust that it may never be acquired. Now, she looks at the reality of music; she develops its sentiment and passion; she feels that all its truth is in its tones, and that all its trappings are but a mere show. She may be able to sing scales, diatonic or chromatic, with the fluent facility of some boarding-school misses—which is the grand discovery of some of the large dailies; but in all that constitutes a singer—intensity, earnestness, strong individuality, enthusiastic abandon to the situation, and lightning flashes of impetuous genius, she stands without a rival. Here is the grandeur of art which is all-absorbing in its nature, and while following it in its course of purpose and breadth and truthfulness of conception, should be as dust thrown into the eyes of the crowd to conceal the absence of soul and inspiration.

As an actress we know no one, save Laura Keane, who approaches the level of Madame Gazzaniga. Nature has made her graceful, and every action is poetry in motion; and she has not robbed her of a particle of womanly delicacy, but has rather refined in her all that was naturally beautiful, so that the divine spirituality of woman, in which we all anchor our belief, reveals itself even amidst the darkness and obscurity of sad and blighting surroundings. From the first to the last the character of Violetta was never lost sight of; the creation of the author was faithfully portrayed. In the first Violetta, the victim of circumstances, floats with the tide which is carrying her recklessly onward; but she has ever dreamed of a home and pure love. She meets with a friend in the devotedness she sees the realization of her dreams, although with woman's instinctive delicacy and self-abnegation she believes that her past unhappy, regretted life, places an unsurmountable barrier to their marriage. Still the purity of her love for him combined with untold sacrifices, are offerings of a repentant heart on the altar of the past. Her dream of happiness and atonement is rudely dispelled, and she makes the last and greatest sacrifice in quitting him that he and those dear to him may not suffer from the blight of her presence. She flies in her despair to the only friend she has ever known—she is publicly reviled and exposed by him for whom she has made the only sacrifices in her power, and she goes home to die. It matters not that her lover returns to cheer her last moments, she is expiating the past and dying in her youth just as life had become hopeful and the future held forth a promise that the past might be redeemed. She dies chastened by sorrow, and the moral conveyed by this conception of the character is unmistakable in its application, and applies not alone to the class of life she is an unfortunate member, but to society in its most wretched condition. Madame Gazzaniga portrayed this character with wonderful power, and absorbed the active sympathies of her audience. The last act, as a triumph of vocal and dramatic power, we have never seen exceeded. We shall never forget that burst of sublime anguish which sprung from her heart as she uttered the words, "Gran Dio! morir si giovane!" It was electric in its effect and sent a thrill through every heart. We remember a hundred other points of high dramatic and vocal beauty, but we have neither time nor space to indulge, as we would wish, in the details of this great performance. She was repeatedly called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience.



We have heard Madame Gazaniga but once, but this single hearing has sufficed to establish her in our judgment as one of the greatest artists we ever heard or saw, in every point alluded to in the preceding lines, and we gladly pay this homage to her surpassing genius.

We never heard Brignoli sing half as well; he seemed inspired to excel himself by the grand excellence of the prima donna. Amadio was painfully hoarse, but did all he could. The chorus was admirable, and the orchestra, though generally too loud, equally excellent. Max Maretsek conducted, and his care and efficiency was evidenced in the whole performance.

CONCERT OF MADAME PATANIA.—Previous to her departure for Europe Madame Patania will give a concert at Niblo's Saloon. Our readers are well acquainted with the merits of this excellent artist, and will be glad of the opportunity of hearing her again. The leading feature of the evening will be the appearance, by special and exceptional favor, of Mr. W. H. Paine, of Madame Gazaniga, and Brignoli. Morelli and other excellent artists will also assist, so that the occasion will be one of great interest.

MISS TERRIERA EDMONDE will commence a series of readings on Monday, May 10th. The entertainment will be "Evenings with Tom Moore," and will afford Miss Edmonde an opportunity of displaying her powers to the best advantage. She has a host of admirers who will be glad to welcome her back.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the Philharmonic Society for the present season takes place on Saturday evening, April 25th, at the Academy of Music. The programme is very attractive, and the solo performers are Miss Brainerd and Mr. Henry C. Tamm. It will be a fashionable and brilliant affair. The last rehearsal takes place at the Academy, at 10 A. M., on Saturday next, the day of the Concert.

## DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The new tragic play written by George H. Miles, of Baltimore, called "De Soto," has been produced in admirable style at this establishment. The principal characters were performed by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and were sustained with great force and dramatic power. The piece is well known, having been played very extensively throughout the country; it is a clever work, and does credit to its author. A new drama, said to be of intense interest, called "The Son of the Night," is in active preparation at this house, and will in all probability be produced on Monday next, 27th inst. Much expectation is raised as to the result of this drama, of which report speaks highly; its success is looked upon as a matter of certainty.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The same sterling and attractive bills are nightly presented at this theatre to large and fashionable audiences. A good play will be acted in pretty sure to attract. This evening, Friday, 24th, will be performed for the last time, Sheridan's fine comedy of "The Rivals," together with an excellent farce. Both pieces are admirably cast. To-morrow evening, Saturday, 25th, that excellent and popular comedian, W. R. Blake, takes his benefit, which we hope will prove a substantial one.

LAURA KENNE'S THEATRE.—The new and successful drama, "The Love of a Prince," has been performed every night of this its second week. It grows in favor. The pleasant extravaganza of "The Elves, or the Marble Bride," still continues its triumphant run. Its success has been remarkable. Much curiosity is expressed on the subject of the new play by Dumas fils, which is to be produced at this establishment very shortly. "The Money Question" is one that very naturally interests every one. We shall soon see how M. Dumas treats the subject.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Rivals have been delighting their large audiences by representations of the "Green Monster," in which Antoine Ravel takes his great original character of the White Knight. The successful ballet of "The Contrabandists," in which Madames Montclair, Marzetti, Linda Wendel, and Messrs. Espinosa, Paul Brilliant and Emile Mangin, appear, has also been performed, together with the marvellous tight-rope dancing of Chiarini, young American and young Hengler. The entertainments are most worthy of patronage, and will be found amusing to all. The nights of performance are Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in each week.

BROOKLYN'S BOWERY THEATRE.—The performances at this house maintain that varied character which is found so attractive to the visitors of the old and popular Bowery Theatre. It is impossible to keep track of all the pieces performed during the week at this establishment—a change is made almost every evening. But we must assuredly have a magnificent theatre like Bowery when they may, they will be sure to meet with liberal and ample entertainment.

GEORGE CHIMNEY AND WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—A mammoth bill has been presented at this Temple of Minus every evening during the week. Among the chief attractions have been an entirely new novel piece, which can be better understood than described, called "Blackwood Echoes," combining marvellous acoustic effects, and a Bear-fight, in which George and the Dragon—alias Bear. The other pieces have been varied every evening, the whole forming, together with the capital minstrelsy, a most excellent and laughable performance.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS.—The Buckleys and their excellent company produce a most varied and pleasing entertainment every evening, and draw in their usual crowd of visitors. He must be a most exacting seeker after amusement who would not be contented with R. Bishop Buckley and his pupils, Young America, "Old Folks' Society," "Essence of Old Virginia," and "Admirable Negro Minstrelsy." No one need select a special night to visit Buckley's, for choose any night in the year and the entertainment is sure to meet every expectation.

On *Dit*. It is whispered that the enterprising Henry Wood, brother-german to George Christy, is raising children at so rapid a rate—fifty within the last few months—that he is compelled to build him an house to put them in. To meet this demand he is now erecting on the lot formerly occupied by Haughwout, on Broadway, a magnificent theatre, to be called the "Fifty Children Theatre," two hundred feet deep, in which his children will make their first appearance in the dramatic world, and create a furore which will quite obliterate all memory of the successes of the Wood and Marsh children in this city. We hear most favorable reports of the admirable dramatic training of this new company of youthful comedians, and shall watch for their appearance with much curiosity. Mr. Wood is truly an enterprising public manager.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

SOUVENIR D'IDLEWELL, ESQUISSE POUR LE PIANO, PAR WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. A NON AMI N. PARKER WILLIS. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This charming composition is a musical transcription of the pleasurable emotions called forth by a party visit to N. P. Willis, the poet, at his country home, Idlewell. We have often heard the composer speak of the pleasant art-comings of that day, while wandering in the vast wilderness of luxurious idleness amid the wild beauties of Mr. Willis' chosen home. It was truly a communion of choice spirits and rare refined and beautiful must have been the art-theorie comment on an elaborated and discussed then and there. Two more divergent minds, tending to the same end, could scarcely come in contact, and only by such opposing could the diverse and the Dragon—alias Bear, art be revealed and translated into a living language. As they wandered on, gazing upon the vast mountain that frowned upon the scene, everything harmonized with the tone of their unrecorded poem. Soon, however, the brow of the mountain was arched with gloom and it spoke in lightning and thunder. But it was a summer's day, and the sun shone after the cloud, and the evening was ushered in with glory and calm and beauty.

Upon such recollections this "Souvenir" before us was composed. Our fair friends who play this transcription will trace our brief sketch in the progress of the composition; in the introduction, which is so meditative, so tranquil, so recollect of that "lightning of the heart" familiar to all refined lovers of nature; in the melodious "tema," so full of tenderness and sentiment; in the storm episode, in F minor; and in the delicious close which completes the tone-picture.

FANTASIE BRILLANTE, SUR L'OPERA DE VERDI, LA TRAVIATA, POUR LE PIANO, PAR WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This fantasia contains several of the most beautiful airs from Verdi's popular opera, "La Traviata," presented in the most pleasing form, and contrasted with that nice tact and judgment by which all Mr. Wallace's works are distinguished. The airs are woven together so artistically that the one seems sequential to the other, and the whole composition seems homogeneous. This is an art which but few possess to an equal extent with Mr. Wallace. This fantasia is brilliant, and will prove very popular and effective in the parlor. It is calculated for good players, and will be much adopted as a teaching piece. Its dedication is to Miss Mary Lizzie Parker.

PREMIERE RENCONTRE NOTURNE, POUR LE PIANO, PAR ROBERT STOFFEL. WM. HALL & SON.—This is a very tender, passion-smitten composition, and must be inevitably a favorite with our young lady pianists. It is a thoughtful composition, the work of a master hand; but there is a want of fluency, of mobility of thought, a certain hardness which leaves us unsatisfied, and which is the reverse of spontaneous inspiration. The "tema," though somewhat too familiar, is melodious and impassioned. The dedication is to Miss C. Wilson.

I WISH I WERE A FAIRY QUEEN: A SONG COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS SEQUIN; BY J. R. THOMAS. WILLIAM HALL & SON.—This is an ordinary trifle, the reverse of original, but light, tripping and popular in character. It is a singable song, and the accompaniment is very easy. Messrs. Hall & Son have produced these pieces in the first style of art.

Hon. Neal Dow, of Portland, has been appointed Commissioner from Maine to the French Agricultural Exhibition in Paris for 1857.

The land sales of the Illinois Central Road for third week in February were \$59,728, making for the month thus far \$186,000 against \$75,000 in all of February last year.

A new steamer of 2,300 tons, named the City of Buffalo, has been launched at Buffalo to ply on the Michigan southern line; she will cost about \$250,000, and is said to be one of the most splendid boats afloat.

The North-eastern Railway Company in England have lately paid \$11,000 for breaking the ribs of one man, and \$5,000 for killing the wife of another; showing which rib was worth the most.

A double murder was recently perpetrated in Kosciusko, Miss. Garland Goff, aged 65, had married a young lady much against her brother's will. He, to be revenged, mixed poison with their food, and they both died.

## CITY ITEMS.

THE fruits of the legislative action at Albany are beginning to show themselves. Steps have already been taken to oppose certain acts on the ground of unconstitutionality. A Committee of the Board of Aldermen have under consideration a proposition to test the constitutionality of the city charter, and we understand a report is in preparation embodying a systematic plan of action. On Wednesday, the 22d, an injunction was granted by Judge Davies, of the Supreme Court, to restrain the new Board of Police Commissioners from acting in their official capacity. The injunction was issued by Mayor Wood, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the act, particularly in giving the appointment of the commissioners to the Governor of the State, instead of making the office elective by the people. "We understand that Mayor Powell, of Brooklyn, will pursue a similar course, so as to test the new law. Mayor Wood had a convocation of the chief and captains of police in his office, subsequent to the issuing of the injunction, when he addressed them at some length, announcing the step that he had taken and his determination to test the matter to the fullest extent of the law. In the meantime he strictly enjoined the police department not to recognize any other orders or authority than such as emanated from the existing Board of Commissioners, consisting of himself, the recorder and city judge. The recorder does not co-operate with the mayor in this course, but the city judge does. The position of the new Board of Police Commissioners is extremely awkward, and nothing can be done by them until the sustenance or otherwise of the injunction shall be determined. There is an immense excitement among the liquor dealers and hotel keepers. If the new license law is sustained it is supposed that nine-tenths of the liquor shops in the State will be closed up. An enormous monetary interest is at stake, and unless the law can be successfully disputed, there is no doubt that thousands will be utterly ruined. The merchants are also aroused into indignation, and intend to dispute the oppressive port warden law, which seem only to have been enacted for the special benefit of half a dozen hungry politicians. All these acts are to be contested to the utmost extent of the law, and the chances are that before a convention is arrived at, the affairs of the city will be in a state of splendid and inextricable confusion.

The Staten Islanders have been heard before the Quarantine Commission. They protest against the selection of the Bay as a quarantine station, and intimate their determination to resist it by law, and, if necessary, by force of arms. The commissioners maintain that their choice is unobjectionable in every respect, and will not recede from their position. The decision of this case rests with the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Comptroller. The Governor and suite will visit the selected spot in a few days.

The long talked-of grand Citizen Volunteer Parade came off on Thursday, the 23d inst. Over 6,000 men were in the ranks; the streets were crowded as on a great holiday, and the numerous military bands imparted an air of joyousness to the brilliant scene. The Mayor and Common Council in full of joyousness to the brilliant scene. The Mayor and Common Council in full of joyousness to the brilliant scene. The Mayor and Common Council in full of joyousness to the brilliant scene.

The Health Wardens are making strict sanitary examinations of their several wards, preparatory to a prompt action of their department after the 1st of May.

There were 397 deaths in the city last week; 41 less than the number of the previous week. Of these 73 were men, 67 women, 147 boys, and 110 girls.

There were in this port on Saturday, 590 vessels, including 32 steamers, 129 ships, 87 barks, 66 brigs, and 266 schooners.

In the Board of Councilmen appropriations were made of \$5,000 for additional legal counsel in contesting the validity of the new charter. Also \$2,000 for celebrating the Fourth of July. In a Committee of the Whole the salaries of the mayor and the city inspector were raised to \$5,000 per annum.

Lord Napier, the new British minister, has been in the city during the past week. He has visited the law courts on the Exchange, and met with much courteous attention. He was present at the St. George's Society's dinner, and made a speech upon the relations between America and Great Britain which must be gratifying to both countries.

The United States steamer Niagara started on her happy voyage on Wednesday, the 23d inst. Her initial efforts were in every way satisfactory. Her speed was eleven knots an hour against a four mile breeze, but it is expected that with a fair wind, with steam and sails united, she will achieve a speed of from seventeen to eighteen knots an hour. The Niagara returned to the light ship on Friday morning in order to land some privileged guests, and immediately laid her course for England, ho!

DIRT—IMMENSURABLE DIRT.—We respectfully suggest a visit from the Health Wardens to Frankfort street. The accumulated filth of ages rests there. If there be a dirtier street in the city, let it have the first chance of disinfection, but if not the first, Frankfort is assuredly the second dirtiest street in New York, and consequently, in the world, for we boast of a noble pre-eminence in dirt. We fear to ask them to inhale the multifarious odors of that locality, lest they should faint in disgust and return there never again. Is Frankfort street in a street-cleaning district?

## NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

CIRCULAR SAWS.—Formerly the only process of grinding saws that was known was by hand. A man would take a piece of wood, and with a circular saw, he would grind it to the shape of a saw. This process was very slow, and the saws were not very good. Now, however, a new process has been discovered, and the saws are much better. The new process is called "circular sawing," and it is a very simple process. It is a very simple process, and it is a very simple process. It is a very simple process, and it is a very simple process.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT COMET.—During the present year we may expect the return of the greatest and grandest comet described in history. It was visible in 1264, in the months of August, September and October. It had its head visible in the east, on the edge of the horizon, its tail stretched past the mid-heaven more than ten degrees. It disappeared on the night of the second of October, when Pope Urban the Fourth died, and the superstitions connected the two events. It was again observed in 1556, and its elements having been computed by Dr. Halley, Dunthorne, Pingre, Boume, and others, it is calculated that it will reappear during this and the next two months; but if it should be perturbed in its path by the unite attractions of Jupiter, Saturn, and some other planets, at the same time, its appearance may be delayed to 1850. The expectation is, however, that it will appear this year.

AMERICAN TELESCOPES.—It was for a long time supposed that the secret or skill of telescopic mechanism rested with European artificers alone. This, however, is an erroneous idea so far as the present day is concerned. Mr. Alvin Clark, who recently made some interesting astronomical discoveries at the Cambridge Observatory, Mass., did so with a telescope made by his own hands. Besides being a mechanic, he has for some years past occupied his leisure hours in the construction of refracting telescopes, and in this department he has succeeded so well as to have constructed telescopes equal to any of their size made anywhere in the world—a fact sufficiently demonstrated by his recent discovery. He carries on it in a small, but the entire process in his house at Cambridge, and has received many orders for instruments, all of which he has executed to the highest satisfaction of his patrons.

GOLD COIN SCALES ON A NEW PLAN.—A pair of curious scales for weighing gold coins, says the *Scientific American*, were exhibited at the Paris Exposition by M. Deluil, a distinguished mathematical-instrument-maker. It was operated by clockwork, and weighed ten coins at once. The number of pieces were placed on a receiver, and made to pass through different sloping grooves or channels into the basin of a pair of scales. Every single coin, as it reached the scale, was weighed, and according to the length of the oscillations of the beam the weight of each was determined. But the most curious part of the scale's operations consisted in a separator tray being opened by the oscillation of the beam for each coin, according to its weight, and the coin thereby deposited in a drawer below.

The Boston *Daily Times* ceases to exist as a newspaper from this date, April 23d, it having been purchased by the proprietors of the *Herald*, and will hereafter be merged in that enterprising penny journal.

The present population of the Territory of Tehuantepec is estimated at 50,000, descendants for the most part of the original Aztecs. They are gregarious in their habits, living in communities numbering 3,000 to 4,000 each, and distant from each other five or ten miles. They are industrious, kindhearted and docile, but very thievish.

The rumors returned to Fairbairn from the pursuit of the Indians confirm the rumored massacre in Blue Earth county. Forty settlers were murdered at Big Bend, and several women carried off. Great alarm was everywhere felt. All the Indians beyond the Minnesota river have assumed a hostile attitude. Rumors are rife that there is an alliance of Sioux and Chippewas.

Mr. John Oxnard, of New Orleans, left his creditors in the lurch and went to Havana a few days ago, taking \$50,000 in exchange and promissory notes, obtained from various parties, and furnishing in exchange worthless checks. He left behind him a consistory letter for the swindled parties, assuring them of ultimate payment—the matter being merely a question of time—and that they could better afford to lie out of the money than personal friends to whom he was indebted, and whom he felt it a matter of honor to pay. The *True Delta* says: "Col. John Oxnard kept fine and fast horses, splendid and fashionable women, lived high, and played high at the clubs and gambling saloons, and was, in the highest sense of the term, a fast man."

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

MR. POWELL, who painted the De Soto picture for Congress, has been appointed by the Ohio Legislature to paint a representation of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie—the price not to exceed \$5000. It will be placed in one of the panels of the rotunda of the new State House.

President Buchanan has lost another relative in the decease of Miss Lane, a niece. She died a few days ago at Lexington, Ky.

A bevy of principal fashionable ladies in Cincinnati appeared on promenade a few days since without hoops, and with robes descending "classically" straight.

Mr. Jacob Tripler, the oldest fireman in Philadelphia, died on Sunday, 19th inst. He was eighty years old, and has been for sixty-five years an active member of the United States Engine Company.

Mlle Vestvali at last accounts was to leave Mexico, for Havana. She is said to have purchased a tract of land in Tehuantepec. She expects soon to visit New York city.

The editor of a French paper, in mentioning the cause of its discontinuance, says: "Our journal has had but one solitary subscriber, a dealer in groceries, who paid in articles out of the store. For two weeks the two editors of the paper lived exclusively on salt fish and champagne."

Two white men, convicted in Columbia, South Carolina recently, for petty larceny, and sentenced—one to receive 29 and the other 10 lashes—were bared on Monday last, and received the penalty of the law.

One of the passengers on the Petersburg train last week jumped from the cars, while crossing the bridge here, into the river below. The bridge is one of the highest in the State, and the bed of the river filled with rocks. Yet wonderful to tell, he escaped serious injury, and succeeded in clambering upon one of the islets in the river, where a boat came to his assistance.

The streets in the city of Chicago and the buildings are to be raised fifteen feet. This will enable the inhabitants to adopt an effectual system of sewerage, and add much to the permanent beauty as well as health of the place.

An immense mass of pure copper, valued at \$150,000, has been recently taken from one of the Lake Superior mines. It is 5 feet in length, and in the thickest part as much as eight or nine feet in thickness. If it is as pure as it appears to be, it contains, probably, more than 500 tons of metal, and it is certainly worth, as it lies, more than \$150,000.

The experiment of improving the native breed of horses on Cape Cod, by the introduction of wild horses from Table Island, has proved a failure, the wild horses having died or been ruined by their superior fare.

A new mode of treating and ventilating the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital has been adopted successfully. The plan referred to consists in the use of steam for heating and the employment of mechanical ventilation by means of a large fan driven by steam power, forcing fresh air through flues into all parts of the building.

A hen belonging to Elijah Amidon, of Belchertown, made a mistake last week, and laid two eggs in one shell, the result being a monstrous specimen of its kind, measuring 8½ by 3 inches.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bacon, of Portland, while engaged on Monday in preparing the altar in the Catholic Church for the devotional service of Holy Week, fell from a ladder, and was precipitated against a settle, breaking in a right arm, fracturing the elbow joint, and producing a severe contusion of the hip and right side.

The new cent will be distributed from the Philadelphia mint about the 1st of May.

The Worcester Transcript says that in addition to four murder cases, forty-two bills for divorce are to come before the present term of the Supreme Court for Worcester county.

According to the official figures, there are 8,600 voters in the city of Washington, the national capital. This represents a population of some 90,000 souls, a fact which shows that the place increases much more rapidly than has been generally supposed. When the census of 1890 shall be taken, the aggregate will no doubt exceed 100,000.

A private letter from a French naval officer serving in the Chinese squadron says that many of the Europeans who partook of the poisoned bread at Hong Kong, lost their teeth, their nails, and even the hair of their heads. A Russian captain was attacked with ophthalmia, and his sight is despaired of. About 400 persons were more or less poisoned.

Capt. Soule, of the bark Oregon, arrived at New York from Havre, reports that on the 25th of March, in latitude 46 06, longitude 66 30, during a dense fog, three balls of fire passed over the vessel, making a noise similar to shots from a cannon. The last one burst about the mast-head, casting sparks all about the deck. Every person on deck at the time was knocked down, but without injury.

Signor A. Martinez, born in Saragossa, Spain, and one of the most accomplished guitarists in the United States, was run over and killed on the Michigan Central Railroad at Detroit, lately. He was forty-seven years of age.

Pantaloon costumes costing \$60 a pair are among the spring fashions announced for gentlemen in New York.

As a train of cars on the Ohio Central Railroad was nearing Columbus, recently, the engineer discovered a man short distance ahead, crawling upon his hands and knees across the track. Before the engine could be stopped, the man was struck and torn all to pieces. One arm was thrown fifty feet from the body.

A scientific expedition, to circumnavigate the globe, and every accessible coast and climate, is about to be dispatched by the Austrian Government. The *armadas* of Europe are looking forward to the results of this expedition with deep interest. Lead men in the different departments of science, it is expected, will go with the expedition.

The smallpox is raging with fearful effect in the towns of Candalla and Sanos, in Mexico, and some 700 have already died with it.

The Baltimore True Union says: "Lord's day services have of late been held by the Israelites of our city. A call is now made for a decision, as to the permanent continuance of the arrangement. This will prove an important step to the Jews, should the arrangement prove permanent."

The wife of Theodore Ford, of Concord, N.H., hung herself on Sunday, in her dwelling-house, from insanity caused by Millerism.

A letter from Venice announces that a painting by Paul Veronese, for three centuries the property of the Pisani family, has been purchased by the British Government for £14,500 sterling.

The Archbishop of St. Louis has received from Rome apostolic letters confirming the appointment and authorizing the consecration of the new bishops of the province of St. Louis. They are Right Rev. James Dugan, Bishop of Antigua, *in partibus*, and coadjutor of the Archbishop of St. Louis; Right Rev. Clement Smyth, Bishop of Athanasia, and coadjutor of the Bishop of Dubuque; Right Rev. H. D. Junker, Bishop of Alton, Illinois.

There died lately in the province of Vilna, Russia, a peasant named Klawekis, who had attained the astonishing age of 187 years and six months. An old soldier died in the Russian province of Kieff, in 1844, at the age of 163.

Dr. Jean Baptiste Theophile Dorion, a gentleman of standing and position in society, and in the possession of upwards of \$20,000, has been convicted at Montreal for stealing silver spoons, two promissory notes of \$100, and a gold headed cane and six books, from Dr. Levere Dorion, whom he attended in his last illness. The alleged theft took place on the 24th of June, 1851, nearly six years ago, and the chief witnesses were two brothers of the prisoner, who saw the goods taken. The accused said that the charges were the result of a conspiracy to ruin him, but the jury, after an absence of five minutes, found him guilty. When the verdict was announced the prisoner staggered in the dock, and was ashy pale.

A physiologist of Cincinnati has discovered that wearing monstrous strengtheners the eye-sight, and that the removal of these bulky appendages has the effect of causing general diseases of the eye.

Large fires are said to be raging in the neighborhood of Wilmington, North Carolina, and that serious damage has been done to the interest of the turpentine growers. A private letter from Wilmington states that an extensive producer of turpentine near that place had lost by the fire upwards of 26,000 turpentine trees.

A coal burning locomotive in Illinois recently ran 254 miles and saved \$22.50 in cost of fuel, by burning coal instead of wood. The coal used in Illinois is the bituminous.

The managers of the Grand Trunk Railroad, Canada, had one of their switch men arrested on a charge of wilfully neglecting his duty by absenting himself without the permission of his superior officer, whereby a train of cars ran off the track of the railroad, thereby exposing the property and persons of the passengers to great risk and injury. The accused was fully committed to await his trial at the next court of the Queen's Bench.

Thirty-six feet of building ground were sold last week in Chicago at the rate of \$975 per foot.

The English Wesleyan Missionary Society propose to raise \$250,000 for their operations in Ireland. Of this amount it is expected that the Methodist churches in this country will raise \$100,000, and the remainder is to be contributed by British Methodists.

Oscar M. Brooks, of Berkley, has been held to bail in the sum of \$1,000 on a charge of instigating one Frank Marsh to administer strychnine to the horse of Deputy Sheriff Cobb, of Taunton, on the 16th of March.

There is a family in Hadley, Mass., some member of which has been justice of the peace in the county since 1686, or about two hundred years. This would be called a judicial family in a small way.





THE FALLS AND TOWN OF ST. ANTHONY, ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, OVER TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM THE GULF OF

HON. W. B. REED, AMERICAN COMMISSIONER TO  
CHINA.

Our commercial relations with China have heretofore occupied but little real attention on the part of our Government. Our merchants have been for years carrying on a large and successful trade with that distant nation, and have always taken care of

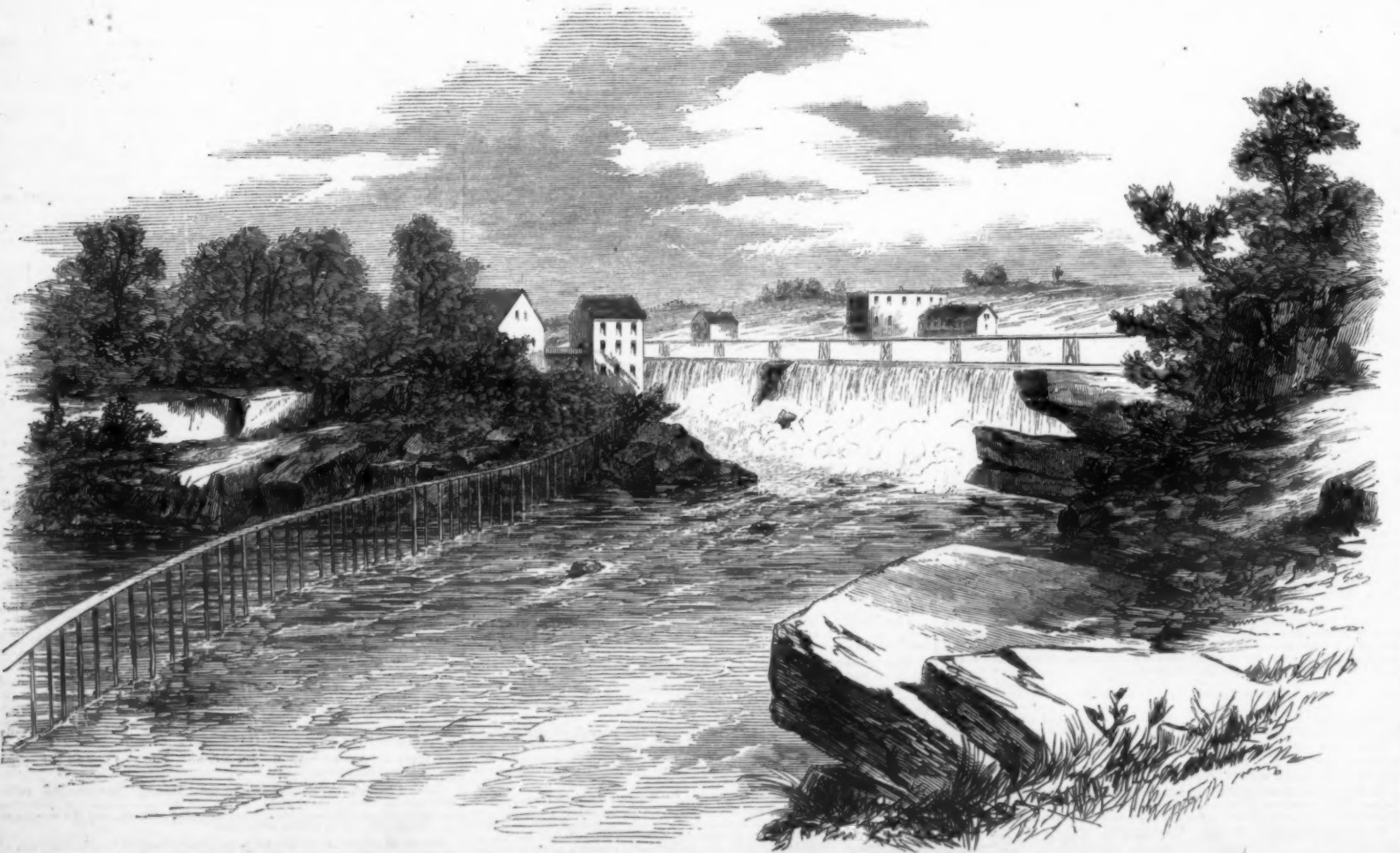
themselves, relying for personal protection principally upon the sympathetic kindness of the English and French Consulates, our own having little inclination to act, and no real power if they desired to do so. The opening of California and the sudden growth of our immense commerce on the Pacific coast have conjointly made the "Flowery Land" a place of daily increasing importance, and now that England has stepped in with the evi-

dent intention of revolutionizing and possibly changing the entire order of things in China, our Government and our people feel that we must awaken from our supineness, and vigorously prosecute our rights, and properly establish among the Celestials our admitted importance among other and more enlightened nations. It is always a painful subject for an American journal to speak of our diplomatic representatives. They are comparatively

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VIEW OF THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA. FROM NATURE, BY E. WHITEFIELD.





THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE "GREAT FATHER OF WATERS." FROM NATURE, BY E. WHITEFIELD, OF MINNESOTA.

# THE TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA.

THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.—HOW TO GO WEST.—DESCRIPTION OF ST. ANTHONY AND THE FALLS.

We present to our readers two magnificent views of a series which, when completed, will unfold the boundless wealth of the mighty West. We shall give a gallery of landscapes of unsurpassed beauty, and bring home to our readers living in the Atlantic States, the many charms of the rich

causes—first, they are, with very few exceptions, by nature from performing their duties; and the very administration of our Government to right the wrongs of Americans abroad, or interests in foreign lands, nugatory. Keen, of Yeh, the Viceroy of Canton, who said, "we were a very good people, for they did not rebel or make war because the Chinese are of their countrymen." Alas! what political-giving vitality, have the bleaching bones of in China or Brazil? None, and hence their vengeance, for ever unheeded, from the ground. statement of the Hon. W. B. Reed, of Pennsylvania to China, we think we behold the first order of things by the present administration, good and capable men are to be sent abroad, to be bestowed upon them that will make them instant in holding up the honor of the American comes from Revolutionary stock. His Reed, was born in New Jersey in 1741, and died in 1787. He then studied law with and finally became a student at the Temple, and he frequented the house of an English man de Berdt, who was for some time agent for us; the daughter of this gentleman he subsequently returned to the United States, Mr. Reed as a leader. He accompanied Washington to negotiate, if not to buy, a peace, that purchasing, but poor as he was the King of rich enough to do it." This fact became great effect upon the American people, who the Commissioner with contempt. He was at people's convention held in Pennsylvania, Governor of the State, which office he when he resumed the practice of law. In land for his health, but without benefit, for March the following year. His wife, who for her talents, beauty and patriotic efforts with clothing while suffering at Valley Forge, years, in the year 1780. George W. Reed, the General, commanded the Vixen during and died a prisoner in England. Reed, who can be so justly proud of his and a high position in his native State of a politician he has ever been known as an Whig, a friend and admirer of Mr. Clay, and Attorney-General of the State. He has been a Legislature, and run several times for Congress. In the Presidential campaign he was an active of Mr. Buchanan, and wrought a powerful (Mr. Reed's) political associates. He was high position by the administration with a thing honorable to the power that bestowed it. The country expects much from Mr. Reed, very anticipation will be fully realized, for he with the good feeling of the country on his of usefulness before him well calculated to and patriotic ambition.



HON. W. B. REED, AMERICAN COMMISSIONER TO CHINA. ENGRAVED BY JOHNSON, OF PHILADELPHIA.

prairies, lakes, rivers, forests, and thriving settlements which exist in the heart of our continent, inviting the toil-worn laborer of our crowded cities and towns to come and take possession of the earthly paradise which nature has so lavishly prepared for the comfort of the human race. Our first series of views will be confined to Minnesota, which is at this time attracting immense attention, and which is destined to be one of the largest States in the Union, containing as it does ninety-one millions of acres of land, or enough to make three States the size of Iowa!

Minnesota is said to have been first visited by white men in the person of two fur traders in the year 1654; who, on their return to Montreal, two years afterwards, gave such glowing descriptions of the country as to induce, not only traders and trappers, but Jesuit missionaries to visit the country. To the latter are we indebted for the first printed records of Minnesota. The present territory of Minnesota formed part of the original Louisiana Territory, as purchased from France in 1803. The eastern portion formed part of the French possessions which were surrendered to the English at the peace of 1763, and subsequently by the latter to the Government of the United States, after the close of the Revolution. During the administration of Mr. Jefferson (in 1805), an exploring expedition, under General Pike, traversed the country. The first fortification of the United States within the present limits of Minnesota was located at Fort Snelling, which has been occupied by an American garrison ever since 1819. With the exception of the British settlement at Pembina, which was not then known to be within the limits of the United States, no settlements were made in this territory till about 1845. In 1849 it was organized into a Territorial Government. It has successively formed parts of the Missouri, North-West, Wisconsin, and Iowa Territories.

The soil of Minnesota is rich. It is from two to three feet in depth, and not likely to need manure for many years, though prudent farmers use it as it accumulates. The climate is healthy in the extreme. We spent the summer in the southern portion of the Territory, and, week in and week out, though the weather was hot, yet the air was clear, and a soft breeze swept constantly over the prairie. The geographers call Minnesota the "Shed-land" of the continent, and say it is the highest land between Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and the water is consequently drained off to the lower country. This is doubtless true, for in every direction on the prairies are seen large hollows, sometimes many acres in extent, through which the water, after a heavy rain, disappears by some under-ground drainage; consequently the air is pure, dry and very invigorating. In the summer we have pretty respectable thunder and lightning, which of course promotes vegetation and purifies the already pure atmosphere.

There is something singular in the formation of the country on the Mississippi, from Dubuque to St. Anthony's Falls. All the way to this point, on both sides, the bluffs rise from 300 to 600 feet above the surface of the river. Occasionally a small prairie may be found between the foot of the bluff and the water; but such places are rarely seen. Land almost anywhere and you will find the road inland will be for miles up some narrow ravine, with similar bluffs rising on either side, all of them bearing to the summit the marks of having been washed by running water. The fact is, these ravines are the beds of old rivers, once tributaries to the Mississippi, long ago drained dry, and now making for the emigrant the only roads to the interior. After travelling for miles up these ravines, the road suddenly rises, and soon you emerge through the oak openings upon the open prairie, which lies on a level with the top of the bluffs, hundreds of feet above the surface of the Mississippi. This altitude of the prairie ac-



counts for the greater healthiness of the back country over those locations on the banks of the Mississippi. The largest portion of the population is from the eastern and middle States. The rest are Germans, Norwegians, Dutch and Scotch—kind-hearted, industrious people, making excellent citizens. The entire population of the Territory is (according to the Governor's recent message) 186,000. The increase last year was very great, and the prospect is that the present year will be unparalleled in the annals of emigration to the West. Education is not neglected. The first thing the Yankee does after commencing a settlement is to establish schools—every little group of a dozen log cabins has its little school. At nine o'clock the horn is blown, and the scholars assemble. This is the beginning; from this shall in due time come the high school and college. In the future, however, the press is to be the educator of the people more than pulpit or college, and the rapid increase of mail routes speaks well for the intelligence of the people. The mails are, of course, somewhat irregular, but our letters and papers get here in decent season. Colleges and seminaries already exist in the large cities, and in the villages lyceums and day schools are constantly being established.

Upon the upper Mississippi the towns and cities grow very fast. Winona, six years ago an encamping place for the Indians, has now a population of 3,000 souls, and is every day increasing. Wabashaw, Red Wing and Hastings are also thriving places, and Greenville, a new but very thriving place, is situated on a beautiful little prairie, twelve miles from the Mississippi; Rochester, about forty miles west of Winona, has an abundant water-power and increases very fast. Faribault, forty miles west of Hastings, has grown with astonishing rapidity; and scores of places could be named, all giving evidence of an enterprise which, while it speaks well for the past, gives yet greater hopes for the future. There are towns all along the Minnesota River—Belle Plain, Traverse des Sioux, Mankato and others—filled with a progressive population, and daily increasing; and west of the Minnesota for hundreds of miles the cabins of the settlers are seen; and so on toward the setting sun the pioneers of civilization push their way, and hundreds of miles beyond the Mississippi the listener may hear

"The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll the human sea!"

So let the homeless and the poor come, in the spirit of a progressive age, saying:

"We'll cross the prairies as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"

#### THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

Comparatively a few years since the Falls of St. Anthony were but vaguely suggested to the mind of the general reader. To the best informed it was known that way off in the wilds of the West there was an obstruction in the navigation of the "Father of Waters," and that an arduous and adventurous traveller occasionally witnessed the spectacle, but beyond these reminiscences, scarcely making an impression on the mind, nothing was known of the Falls of St. Anthony. Now St. Anthony has become familiar among our business men, a large town has grown up literally by magic, and joins its busy hum with the constant roll of the never failing waters.

The scenery here is grand and picturesque, especially at the time of the spring flood, when the waters come rolling onward with fearful impetuosity, yet by a happy provision of Providence numerous islands are scattered in the bed of the river, seemingly to break the destructive effects of the floods, and render them subservient to the wants of man. The rapids above the fall descend sixteen feet, the fall itself is twenty feet, and the rapids below thirty-four feet, making, in the distance of three-quarters of a mile, a descent of seventy feet. The bed of the river at this place is a lime stone ledge of fourteen feet, overhung by a pure white sand stone of an average of fifty feet.

#### THE CITY OF ST. ANTHONY.

Among the thriving cities of Minnesota St. Anthony naturally holds a conspicuous place. Built upon a point of the Mississippi that seems to take tribute from the country above as below, it must increase until it takes rank among the most important places in the great West. Its situation is romantic and healthy, and already enterprise has reached a point that makes the future not a thing of speculation, but a certainty, for St. Anthony, formed by nature with an inexhaustible water power, will become the manufacturing point of a great country. Already there are steam saw-mills of immense power in operation, cutting twenty million feet of lumber per annum, grist mills, cabinet, chair, bucket, and churn factories; and, before many months will have elapsed, there will be a factory finished for the purpose of making doors, blinds, sash, flooring, and furnishing work, which will vie in importance with any in the Atlantic States. It is estimated that there are on the waters of the Mississippi, above the falls, four million acres of fir and cedar lands, which will for ages supply timber to be wrought into useful purposes, the entire valley of the Mississippi being an easy market.

A new hotel has just been erected at St. Anthony by Colonel Winslow, which forms a prominent point in a beautiful picture of the falls. It is four and a half stories high, one hundred and fifty-seven feet front, with two wings of ninety feet each, the entire structure being of stone. Its cost, including furniture, will be \$120,000. The church, on the left of the hotel, is a new and beautiful stone edifice, erected last fall by the Universalists. The St. Anthony Water-Power Company offer liberal inducements to parties desiring to put up machinery. The great bulk is yet undeveloped. Northern capitalists who desire to go into the manufacture of produce, iron, carriages, farming, or agricultural implements, machine shops, foundries, paper mills, and grist mills, will find St. Anthony a splendid location.

The citizens of St. Anthony have spent \$8,000 during the past year in removing obstructions from the river. The suspension bridge at Minneapolis cost \$50,000; tolls during the year \$20,000. The pier bridge, now building, one mile below St. Anthony will cost \$62,000. These statistics will give our readers some idea of the progress of improvements at this solitary point in Minnesota. In future numbers we shall continue these sketches, which will prove of more real value than any similar papers upon the development of the great West.

**ORIGIN OF THE UPAS TREE STORY.**—A real valley of death exists in Java; it is termed the Valley of Poison, and is filled to a considerable height with carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled from crevices in the ground. If a man or any animal enter it, he cannot return; and he is not sensible of his danger until he feels himself sinking under the poisonous influence of the atmosphere which surrounds him: the carbonic acid of which it chiefly consists rising to the height of eighteen feet from the bottom of the valley. Birds which fly into the atmosphere drop down dead; and a living fowl thrown into it dies before it reaches the bottom, which is strewn with the carcasses of various animals that have perished in the deleterious gas.

**THE VINE.**—The number of acres under vine cultivation in France exceeds 5,000,000, giving employment, in cultivation of the vine and the manufacture of wine, to about 2,000,000 of persons, (mostly females), and in its transportation and sale to 250,000. The vine disease, now more or less prevailing in all wine-producing countries, has increased the average price of wine from 100 to 175 per cent. The French government derives a considerable portion of its internal revenue from the manufacture of this beverage, about 90,000,000 gallons of which are annually drunk. In late years, the exportation of which is a great Government monopoly. Next to wheat the wine is the most important of the vegetable productions of France, and exports over the southern half of the empire. In 1849 there were produced in France 225,000,000 gallons of wine.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"  
"MIDNIGHT GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 52.)

### CHAPTER XLV.

Wouldst set a snare to lead the head astray,  
And shake a cool reason on her judgment seat:  
To blind the eye to peril, render deaf  
The ear to prudent whisperings. What must be  
The bait? Why, woman.—SCAR BOOK.

HAROLD and Harry had assisted at the marriage of a Spanish girl named Juana, who frequently brought them provisions, which the young Englishmen paid for more liberally than the King of Spain and the Indies, with all his high-sounding titles, could have afforded. She was a light-hearted, joyous creature, with bright flashing eyes, a cheek blushing with the kiss of a southern sun, and a step as free and active as the antelope's bounding over its native hills. Her husband had proved one of the most enterprising and useful of the Carlist spies.

For three days, to the intense disgust of O'Donnell, who, despite the contrivances of the police de circonstance, still retained the self-constituted head of the purveying department, the girl had not made her appearance. It is needless to say how much the culinary arrangements suffered in consequence; they were reduced to ordinary rations.

The friends laughed at his disappointment; they bore it bravely. The idea that some accident had occurred to their useful ally annoyed them far more than the privation.

On the fourth morning she resumed her visit, bringing with her a supply of fowls and eggs which silenced even the reproaches of the colonel, who immediately set about making arrangements for his forced abstinence by preparing an omelette and a supreme de volaille, as he somewhat ambitiously designated a savory hash of poultry cooked in the camp-kettle.

Harold saw a marked change in the appearance of Juana. The merry smile no longer played around her lips, which were pale and compressed, as if to hide some secret emotion, and her once ready laugh was hushed.

"Have you been ill?" he inquired, after paying her with even more than his usual liberality for the supplies she had brought.

"We must take what Heaven sends us," replied the woman, with forced calmness; "my husband is too humane, and the General is so severe."

"What mean you?"

"He has given shelter to a Christiano," she replied, lowering her voice, "whom he found wounded near our cottage, after the last skirmish. Should it be discovered, El Tio will make short work of it. I would not have consented," she added, "had he not been English."

On hearing that a fellow-countryman was placed in such a critical position, both her hearers naturally felt interested, and Harry demanded how she knew her guest to be an Englishman.

Juana drew a crumpled piece of paper from her bosom, and placed it in his hand; and looked as if a burden had been removed from her mind when she found herself rid of it. A few words only had been traced, but they were quite sufficient to satisfy the friends that her statement was a truthful one. They ran thus:

"I have heard of the presence of two of my countrymen in the camp of the Carlists. I am wounded, and in danger of being discovered. If taken, my death is certain: save me."

There are few Englishmen to whom such an appeal could be addressed in vain, for all our constitutional coldness and standoffishness disappears when it becomes a question of humanity. The friends briefly consulted what was to be done in the emergency. To apply to the Bishop of Leon or the General, both felt would be useless; they had exhausted their influence in that quarter; and a sense of decency prevented their taking either Lillini or O'Donnell into their confidence; the first being a subject of Don Carlos, and the second an officer in his service.

"Is he so severely wounded?" asked Harold Tracy.

"In the leg, senor," replied the messenger, "and I understand nothing of such things; he must die without assistance; then what will become of us?"

"Do you think he could mount on horseback?"

"Yes, no doubt," exclaimed Juana, eagerly; "but we have not even a mule; and if we had we dare not lend it. Every peasant is a spy upon his neighbor; should it be discovered that we have sheltered him, my husband will be shot."

Her agony and tears appeared so very natural that all suspicion was disarmed by them—to say nothing of the paper she had brought having been written in such unmistakable English. The young men had ventured on more than one occasion as far from the outposts as the cottage of the woman, and, prompted by humanity, saw no reason why they should not do so again.

"Return home," said Harold, placing a piece of gold in her hand, which Juana accepted with real or affected indifference; "by the time you arrive there we will be with you."

"Both," she demanded.

"Both," repeated her hero.

The eyes of the peasant shined for an instant with something like their former brightness as she rose from her seat in the hut and prepared to depart.

"You will remove him," she exclaimed, "and I shall once more sleep in peace. You cannot imagine the agony I have endured for the last three days, fearful lest any stragglers from the camp should visit my poor cottage and discover the dangerous secret. El Tio Tomas would make no allowance for my husband's youth, but shoot him like a dog. Be careful—pray be careful: do not betray us."

Relieved considerably of her fears, their visitor took her leave, renewing her entreaties with great earnestness that they would keep their promise.

Immediately after the repast, which, thanks to O'Donnell's impatience, they had not long to wait for, the two friends set forward on their expedition, both well mounted and armed. It had been arranged between them to give the wounded man one of their horses to convey him to Rodil's headquarters, should he prove able to mount it. If not, some other means must be sought to save him.

As they passed the outpost, Harry inquired of the officer who commanded picket whether anything had been seen of the enemy.

"Not a rebel seems to have left their camp," replied the young man. "The Navarrese battalion have just returned from scouring the country. The Christians are learning prudence; our success continues," he added, hopefully, "before the eyes of their Majesty will enter Madrid."

"Fortune grant it," said the Englishman.

"Find a key?" said the Spaniard, resuming his cigar, and the young men passed on.

When about half way the riders drew rein at the door of a Posada, or inn, where they were perfectly well known.

To the demand of the hungry man, *¿Que tiene usted de bueno?*—"What good things have you to give us?"—"What have you brought with you?"—"For in nine cases out of ten there is little to be procured in the place."

The character for liberality which the Englishmen had obtained throughout the camp and its immediate neighborhood, caused a marked exception in their favor. The master of the Posada, on seeing them arrive at his gate, went himself to attend to their horses, whilst they entered the kitchen to taste his wine, which hung in odd-looking vessels, or rather bags made of goat-skins, called in the patois of the Basque provinces, *Berrachas*, suspended on pegs round the walls.

As might be expected, from the disturbed state of the country they found but few travellers. One was a substantial looking farmer, who was conducting a string of mules to the camp for sale. It instantly struck our hero that it would be advisable to purchase one for his wounded fellow countryman; a bargain was speedily struck, and one of the strongest-looking animals became the property of the young Englishman.

The next difficulty was to get some one to ride it to the cottage of Juana, which a peasant, who to all appearance had been sleeping in one corner of the room during the transaction, volunteered his services to undertake.

They had now about a league and a half to proceed.

As they quitted the house the master whispered them to have an eye upon their new travelling companion.

"There is little fear of his robbing us of our mule," replied Harold, at the same time patting the fleet horse he was mounted on.

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that there might be other dangers.

"We are well armed," added the speaker, pointing to the pistols in his belt.

"The sainte speed you," said the innkeeper, doubtfully; "he may be honest, but he is a stranger."

With this observation, so characteristic of his countrymen, who look upon all whom they are unacquainted with as enemies, the speaker touched his cap, and they once more resumed their journey, the man with the mule riding on before.

The cottage of Juana was situated in the very commencement of the valley, at a considerable distance from any other habitation. From the back extended a patch of ground carelessly cultivated, enclosed by a fence of rough stones till it joined a thick wood of aged chestnut, whose decayed branches served for firewood, and the fruit for food during the winter season. As they approached the young man, who rode the pale, anxious features of the woman peering through the window, on the lookout for them.

"You have brought a stranger," she said, uneasily.

"Fear not, he will not betray you," they made answer, at the same time alighting from their horses.

Before entering the cottage, Harold paid the man for his trouble, and made the reins secure to a tree close to the door.

"Where is your guest?" he asked.

"In the inner room, senor. I think he sleeps."

They advanced cautiously. It was so tranquil that not the slightest suspicion of treachery entered the imagination of either of her visitors, who passed on in the direction she pointed to.

They had scarcely entered the second chamber—the cottage consisted of but two—when the curtains of the bed, which had been drawn, were suddenly dashed aside, and the lieutenant of the Urbans and half a dozen of his men sprang upon the floor of the room. Harold's first impulse was to rush back to the door—the treacherous Juana had betrayed him.

So complete was the surprise, that before either of the Englishmen could

defend himself, they were disarmed and bound; their captor, who superintended the examination of their pockets, appeared in high glee, not only at the success of his stratagem, but the rich booty—doublets being scarcely more plentiful in the army of Rodil than with the Carlists.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Harry Borg. "We are Englishmen, not Spaniards, and have been led into this artful snare by a well-concocted tale of a wounded countryman. Neither myself nor friend has ever borne arms in the struggle which now desolates your unhappy country."

"Possibly," answered the lieutenant, coolly. "But you will pay the penalty, nevertheless."

"Ruffian! would you murder us?"

"Name any sum you think fit for our ransom," added Harold; "it shall be paid."

"Try if you can tempt others with your bribes, senor," was the reply; "I am not to be corrupted. Restrain your impatience, and, if you can, your tongues: a few hours will decide your fate."

The horses of the Christians, which had been concealed in the wood at the back of the house, were now led round, and the prisoners removed to the outer room.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

I trusted you, and thought you mine,  
When, in requital of my best endeavors,  
You treacherously practised to undo me.—OWAY.

As the young Englishmen, bound with cords, were dragged rather than led to the front of the cottage by their brutal captors, their glance fell upon Juana, who, pale and conscience-stricken, stood, with her hands clasped, to watch their departure. The snare had been artfully set, not only in the tale which led them to their danger, but in the details by which it had been carried out; for the peasant who had conducted the mule for them proved to be no other than one of the Urbans guard in disguise. He had now joined his comrades.

"Do not harm them!" cried the woman, in intense mental agony. "You know not how good and generous they are. Spare them—spare them!"

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed Harold Tracy, with intense contempt and disgust; "our blood be upon your head. It will be fearfully avenged," he added. "Let your husband look to it."

"Alas!" replied the wretched wife, "he is already in the hands of the Christians. It was to purchase his liberty that I consented to act the part I have done. Pity me!"

In the trying position he found himself placed, it was some consolation to our hero to find that the mere temptation of money had not been the inducement to betray him.

"Don't make yourself uneasy, senor," observed the officer; "you are avenged already, and that is always a satisfaction; at least I should feel it so. Her husband was shot last night by order of the General. I witnessed his execution myself, and to do him justice, he died like a brave man, although a rebel and a Carlist."

There was something unearthly in the piercing shriek which broke from the pale lips of Juana, who glared on the speaker with an expression in which madness and vengeance were plainly written.

"Your oath! your oath to save him," she murmured at last.

The ruffian replied by a loud laugh.

"You jest—say you jest with me," continued the unhappy being, "and I will bless you. Oh, we were so happy! You will restore him to me; you cannot have had the heart to separate us, here and hereafter; for if he is dead, he died a loyal, honest man, whilst I—what can atone my guilt, my useless guilt?"

One of the Christians drew from his pocket the silver buckles and the gay-colored silk handkerchief which her husband had worn—the last he was stained with his blood—and held them insultingly to her gaze. Convinced that her bereavement was real, Juana seated herself upon the ground and began rocking herself to and fro like one in dreadful pain, and continued to do so long after the agents of Helmsman had withdrawn from the cottage with their prisoners.

Gradually the movements of the woman ceased, and she remained with her eyes fixed upon the ground in sullen apathy, the apathy of despair.

"Here and hereafter," she muttered several times to herself; it was the idea which haunted her.

Although the Spaniards are constitutionally the laziest people in Europe, it is extraordinary that perseverance and exertion they are capable of under the influence of great excitement. Led by revenge, they will follow their enemy with the patience and instinct of the bloodhound for years; no toil can appal them, no privations turn them from a once settled purpose. Faithful as they are in love, they are still more so in their hate.

The bereaved widow rose from the ground with a calmness which contrasted singularly with her former excessive grief, and disappeared with a rapid pace in the wood at the back of her cottage.

Half an hour later, mounted on a swift mule, she might be seen riding towards the Carlist camp.

The shades of evening had already fallen before the absence of the young Englishmen was noticed by their friends. Tom, when questioned by Lillini and O'Donnell on the subject, reluctantly acknowledged that Harold and Harry had set out upon some secret expedition, in consequence of a note which the peasant woman, Juana, had brought them. Poor fellow, it was all he knew; and even that intelligence would not have been wrung from him but by the sense of his master's danger.

On hearing this, the Colonel and the Count began to exchange uneasy glances.

"Surely," said the faithful servant, "no accident can have occurred."

"It is dangerous riding in this country," observed the Irishman, urily.

"I have no fear, if that's all," exclaimed Tom. "I should like to see a better horseman than Squire Harold. It's not in Spain that you will find him."

"Sure, it's the enemy's country I'm speaking of," interrupted O'Donnell.

"Answer me one thing," demanded the Count de Lillini, "and I shall know how to proceed. Was the note or letter you mention written in English?"

Tom felt assured it was; for he had heard the two friends when speaking on the subject declare there could be no mistake on that point.

"And brought by Juana," exclaimed O'Donnell. "Holy mother! where will the villainy of this world end? Only to think of a girl with such a pair of eyes proving a man-trap! I can't believe it. She must have some conscience. Her eggs were always fresh."

At any other time the Spaniard would have smiled at the Irishman's reasoning; but he felt too much alarmed for the safety of his young friends. He was one of those men with whom decision and action are synonymous.

"We must seek Zumalacarrégui," he said; "he is our only hope."

"By my soul then, but it's a poor one," replied the Colonel. "El Tio Tomas is not in the best humor; something in the council has contraried him."

The Spaniard, however, had formed a better opinion of his illustrious countryman, whom no amount of irritation or disappointment could divert from his duty of honor or duty. To the warm temperament of the southern Carlist leader added the cool brain of the Saxon, Lillini was not deceived in him; El Tio Tomas listened to his report not only with attention but deep interest.

"Poor lads!" he exclaimed, when he had heard the tale; "their humanity has been their destruction. I would rather have risked a battle than this should have occurred."

Calling to one of his aides-de-camp, the General directed that a party of cavalry should be sent into the valley, with strict orders to bring the woman Juana and her husband before him; orders were likewise issued that a still larger body of men should hold themselves in readiness for sudden service.

"It's all I can do," he observed. "Nothing would justify me in risking the lives of my soldiers by any movement without positive information; the rest is in the hands of Providence."

Before either O'Donnell or Lillini could reply, the voice of a woman was heard disputing with the orderlies and guard at the entrance of the tent.

"That's Juana," shouted the Colonel, in a joyful tone—"the traitress! See her, General, for the love of heaven, see her; she'll never be able to deceive you on a cross examination."

In a few minutes she was admitted to the presence of the chief whose name produced such fear and reverence amongst the peasantry whenever it was pronounced. Under any less appalling circumstances the wretched woman would have felt embarrassed, and hesitated in her replies, but now she was past all fear; misery had hardened her, and she replied to the questions put to her with a brevity and self-possession which greatly puzzled the Irishman. His companion understood it; it was the brevity and self-possession of despair, which, having nothing left to hope for, had discarded every other consideration.

"You were at the camp this morning?" said Zumalacarrégui.

"Yes!"

"Know you aught of the two Englishmen whom you are in the habit of serving with provisions?"

"I shall serve them no more," said Juana, sadly.

"More the pity," thought O'Donnell.

"They are in the hands of the Christians!"

"Betrayed, or by accident?"

"Betrayed, General!"

"By whom?"

"By me."

The Colonel uttered a deep groan, for he felt sincerely attached to the two friends, and the frown upon the flushed brow of Zumalacarrégui became deeper.

"And after having taken the gold of the enemies of your king and country to betray the blood of two noble gentlemen," he said, "you have the temerity to accuse yourself before me?"

"Had gold been the motive of my crime," replied Juana, "I should not have been here. I am, or rather I was, a wife," she added, correcting herself, "only a few weeks married, happy in the love of a brave and loyal heart, happy as—but it is useless to speak or think of such things now. My husband fell into the hands of the Christians. They offered me his life provided I would act the part I did—I consented. I must have been mad—mad," continued the unhappy woman, after a pause, "or else I must have reflected that he for whom I staked would have spurned and despised me for it."

"Has he done so?" inquired Lillini, gravely, for he read in the unnatural calmness with which the speaker told her fearful story, the signs of a sorrow which had crushed her.

"He is dead," said the widow, in the same passionless tone. "Once secure of my treason, the Christians shot him. The pang of my disgrace at least was spared him."

"And what brings you here?" demanded the General.

"I come for justice."



"Justice!" involuntarily repeated all who were present. "Aye; such justice as El Tio Tomas knows how to deal," answered Juana, firmly; "death for my treason, vengeance for my murdered husband. The ruffian who secured the young Englishmen have taken them to the tower of Isclonda. I overheard so much of their design. 'I repeat,' she added, 'that all I now ask for is justice for my crime, and vengeance for the dead.'"

The Carlist leader gazed upon her as she stood calmly erect before him with mingled feelings of pity and admiration. He knew his countrywomen well—their passionate, revengeful, loving nature.

"Go," he said, in a voice so gentle that, had he not been seen as well as heard, those who were with him could not imagine the words to have been uttered by the stern, rough soldier. "The sentence is already passed, but by no earthly judge—Heaven has pronounced your punishment; it is not for man to change the record."

"Death," murmured Juana, "death. I ask no other."

Had either Lillini or O'Donnell, the attached friends of the prisoners, commanded the army of the Carlists, they could not have evinced more eagerness to rescue them than Zumalacarrregui, whose orders were brief and prompt. In less than an hour from the time the place of their imprisonment was made known to him, a picked body of a thousand men were under arms, waiting to march and attack the tower; and the generals of division directed to be in readiness to support the movement in the event of its leading to a general battle, of which, however, there was but little fear, for Rodi had long been waiting for reinforcements.

When the Carlists marched from their camp, the wif ow, mounted on her mule, accompanied them.

The tower of Isclonda, to which Harold and his companion in captivity were conveyed, was one of those Moorish edifices which may still be found nearly in their original state in the remote districts of Spain; it had evidently been erected for defence, the walls being of immense thickness, and the narrow windows placed at such a height as to render access by means of scaling ladders impossible. Without artillery it could only, therefore, be reduced by famine. Fortunately, at the period of which we write, Reyna had succeeded in casting one of his largest mortars, which the besieging party had taken with them. Although the tower, in a strategic point of view, was of little importance, the Christians had for some time maintained a small garrison, consisting of a party of Urbinos and Carbineros, to overawe the disaffected peasantry, who suffered severely from their exactions.

The only entrance to this isolated mountain fortress was by a narrow portal, enfiladed by loopholes for musketry on both sides. It contained but three stages; the first filled with provisions and plunder collected from the neighboring farms; the second as a casern for the soldiers; and the third the quarters of their commander and his officers.

It was to the last the prisoners were conveyed.

The lieutenant's first inquiry on his arrival was for Helman, and his disappointment was great when informed that his employer had not yet made his appearance. With all his vices, the ruffian possessed the one quality peculiar to his countrymen, courage—that is, when driven to extremities, or urged by the hope of booty.

Muttering curses on the tardiness of the Englishman, whose absence disappointed him, he descended to see the gate of the little fortress secured for the night, and to place the guard himself, feeling anything but assured that Zumalacarrregui, whose celerity rendered him almost ubiquitous, might not attack him before morning.

During his absence, Harold and Harry were left for a few minutes under the charge of a single soldier, who, to the surprise of the former, proved to be no other than Gil Perez, the man whose life he had so lately saved.

In a few brief words the grateful fellow expressed his sorrow at seeing him in such a condition.

"Our imprisonment will not last long," observed our hero, bitterly.

"True," replied he man, "you are English."

"I do not rely on that."

"And have never borne arms against the Queen, as I can testify, for I heard the rebels declare so in the camp."

"It is to gratify the hate of some secret enemy that we have been artfully ensnared," remarked Harry; "and those who have not recoiled at treachery will scarcely hesitate at murder."

"Murder?" repeated Gil Perez. "You, who have exerted your influence to save so many lives. Oh, no! it would be horrible! so inhuman!"

"You know your commander, doubtless," answered Harold significantly.

"Yes."

"And can guess, then, how little chance those who have fallen into such hands have of escape?"

"Hush; you have found one friend at least, who will risk his life to save you. I hear the lieutenant's tread upon the stairs."

During the night the honest Spaniard contrived to bring them provisions in their cell; and, what was of far greater relief to them, cut the cords, which were eating into their flesh.

"Hold yourselves in readiness," he said, "to follow me at an instant's notice. I have not forgotten my debt of gratitude, and would run some risk to repay it. From whom I can learn, the lieutenant is fearful of being attacked by El Tio Tomas, as the Carlists call him. In that case—"

"We shall be the first victims to the despair or vengeance of the garrison," observed his preserver.

"Not so," whispered the Christiano. "I will save you. From the landing-place in front of the cells is a ladder—the only communication with the roof of the tower. I have already conveyed a supply of some biscuit and a small barrel of wine there. We have only to draw it up a few feet to be safe alike from the attack of those within and without. I am tired of the war," he added, "since my poor master's death, and would willingly find service in another country till better times arrive."

Both the Englishmen earnestly assured him that in the event of his escape he should have ample means to gratify his desire.

There is no feeling more dreadful than suspense; the certainty of misfortune, no matter how dreadful it may be, does not wring the heart with half so keen an anguish. Doubt places the tide of rain upon the rack, and keeps it there, haunting it with a succession of fearful images, each more terrible than the preceding one.

From this painful state the prisoners were relieved, just as day began to dawn, by the appearance of Gil Perez.

"Saved!" he said, as he threw open the door of their cell; "your friends have arrived to besiege us. But not a moment is to be lost—the lieutenant is resolved not to give you up, but to hold out to the last. He has just ordered your graves to be dug."

At this moment a peculiar thrill ran through the frames of his hearers, who without further hesitation, followed him in silence to the roof of their prison. Just as they succeeded in drawing up the ladder after them, the voice of the r gader was heard calling their deliverer by name.

"He may call long enough," observed the Spaniard, lighting his cigar; "if ever Lieutenant Ximenes and I should meet again, it will be time for one of us to say his complete."

The words had no sooner escaped his lips, than a volley of curses and a cry of treason from below announced that their evasion was discovered.

"Storm away," continued the speaker; "curse seldom kills; and if they did, it is a game which two can play at."

"Are there no means of their reaching us?" inquired Harold.

"The roof is of stone," replied Gil Perez, "fireproof, and at least thirty feet from the floor beneath; added to which, to any certain knowledge, here is a ladder in the tower. I repeat, neither that we are safe; so accept a cigar, and, like a good Christian—for I have heard that some of the English are good Christians, although our padre would never admit it—and a gallant Cabalero, smoke in peace."

Assured by his repeated assertions, and what was still more to the purpose, his coolness and indifference, the friends grasped each other by the hand, in sign of congratulation.

When day dawned, the two Englishmen advanced to the edge of the battlements, in the hope of being recognized by their friends, but the distance, unfortunately, was too great. It was a cheering sight for men who had lately had no other prospect than an untimely grave, to see white and scarlet bands of the Carlists swarming like bees on every point which commanded the tower, and El Tio Tomas himself superintending the mortar, which the young officer of engineers, Reyna, after so many difficulties, had succeeded in casting; Lillini, O'Donnell, Tom, and Will of the belt were all standing near.

The captives for a while literally were still—watched the progress of their friends with extreme anxiety, well-knowing that if the mortar failed on trial, all hope of taking the place, unless by famine, was at an end.

At last the discharge took place with an effect which neither of them had calculated upon. The shell fell upon the roof of the tower. Harold raised the dangerous projectile and cast it over the battlements. Just as it reached the ground it exploded.

"How are we to let them know," he said, "that we are here? Our greatest danger now is from those who would risk life to preserve us."

Gil Perez was consulted; and, by his advice, the Englishmen tied their caps, which they fortunately had been permitted to retain, to the end of the ladder, and elevated them to attract attention.

"Bravely done," exclaimed the Carlist General, when he saw the shell he had so successfully thrown over the battlements. "But they must soon see it at that point."

The mortar was again charged; but before the speaker attempted to fire it his attention was directed to the extraordinary ensign which the enemies had hoisted, and he raised his glass to examine it.

"Aim at the lowest part of the tower," he said, addressing himself to Reyna, who was standing near; "the friends we came to serve are on the roof."

The next shells struck on the strongly-barred gates, on which, as from time to time the firing was repeated, they soon began to tell.

Meanwhile the garrison continued to defend itself bravely.

(To be continued.)

# FAMILY PASTIME.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A man was desired to lay out £100 in the purchase of one hundred animals, consisting of ducks, at 1s. each, pigs at £1, and calves at £2 each—how many of each kind must he buy?—M. L. R.

## NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I consist of four letters. Multiply my first by five, and you will find my last; halve my first, and place the half as my third; my second is a figure of itself worthless; my whole has no place in the name of the book in which this appears.—M. L. R.

## PUZZLE.

Insert one vowel, in proper places, between the following letters, and make six lines of rhyme:

G y L d y d t b l l,  
C n c h n t n d i k n d p l y;  
n d n n L r k t H d d r H l l,  
W s s m r t g l l n t n d g y;  
n d d d g y n n L r k  
C i l l n g r m s h p p y s p r k.—F. H. KNAPP.

## FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Men crush my hat.
2. A gale in Lent.
3. He sees a rat.
4. I can rove.
5. An odd line.
6. Neat chairs.
7. I gave Peter lands.
8. As he claims my aid.
9. Rap Ann's dog.
10. A live lion not a pet.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. MUSOLEC.—A famous Genoese, celebrated for his voyages and discoveries.
2. LA UREJEM.—A city celebrated in Scripture for its magnificence.
3. AATTCUL.—An Asiatic city.
4. UAHIMST.—An island in the Indian Ocean.
5. IAGR.—A seaport in Europe.
6. ISPTSHISM.—A noble Arabian river.
7. DNOOGORY.—A town in Russia.
8. GGOONKH.—An island in the Pacific Ocean belonging to Asia.
9. HEMDMAO.—A celebrated Arabian philosopher, who flourished in the sixth century of the Christian era.

## ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 342.

CHARADES.—1. La-tin; 2. Al-so; 3. Ad-vice.  
RIDDLES.—1. Ten-ants; 2. Because it is in the middle of water; 3. Eu-se-by-us; 4. Because it is imp-over-ish-ed (impo-ver-ish-ed); 5. Because the more he is liked, the faster he goes; 6. When King Richard offered his kingdom for a horse; 7. Because he can always supply them with a spark (of electricity).  
ANAGRAMS.—1. French Revolution; 2. Mate; 3. Christina; 4. Paradise Lost; 5. Sarah; 6. A Boatwain; 7. Relation; 8. Paradise Regained; 9. Mignonette; 10. Metals; 11. Winchester; 12. Hermetically sealed.

There is at present living, partly in this city and county, a family of brothers and sisters, named A—, whose united ages amount to 626 years, viz.: Thomas, aged 88 years; Ann, 78; Alice, 76; Betty, 74; Isabella, 72; Mary, 70; and John, 68. As the above was the age of each at the last birthday, about three years ought to be added to the total given, in consequence of the time which has since elapsed. None of them were ever married; and, according to their own statement, none of them ever brought trouble to the family house, or took any from it. It is somewhat amusing to hear Thomas say, "My young sisters are very childish and simple in the affairs of dress."

## BELLS—THEIR MANUFACTURE AND ASSOCIATIONS.

OUR beautiful engraving gives an excellent idea of the process of casting bells, which is not a more difficult process than that of manufacturing any other article of hollow ware from molten metal. The great art consists in the mixing of the different materials which go to make up the casting. Commonly an alloy of eighty parts of copper with twenty of tin is used, but if shrill notes are desired zinc is added. Silver in large quantities enter into many bells of Catholic countries, being the votive offerings of the faithful at the time the bells were in the process of manufacture. Within a few years past the bells have been made in the United States of excellent tone. The business of bell-founding, it should seem, is reducible to three particulars. 1. The proportions of a bell. 2. The forming of the mould. 3. The melting of the metal. "In casting a set of bells," we are told, "the object of the founder is to get the same temperament of tone in each. When all—as is sometimes the case—turn out to be in harmony, they are called a 'maiden peal'; this, however, is a most rare occurrence. Many sets of bells have the credit of being 'maiden' without deserving it, and a great many, for the honor of being considered such, are left decidedly out of tune." Bells are very ancient; they formed part of the dress of the High Priest in the time of Moses. In the middle ages the man of bell, "the vesper-bell," "the complin" and the "sanctus bells;" "the passing bell," told when people were dying. The "curew bell," a name common in England, dating from the time of the Conquest, when it was arbitrarily enforced by William of Normandy. It was rung at eight o'clock in the evening, as a signal that the fires and lights must be extinguished. Among Roman Catholics, church bells are christened, and made to undergo the whole exterior process of Christian baptism, including naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, sponsorial engagements, and all that marks the admission of rational beings into the gospel covenant! Under the head "Statistics of celebrated Bells," we have "the reported weights of some of the most celebrated large bells." The largest of all is the great bell of Moscow, which is reputed to weigh upwards of one hundred and ninety-eight tons; whilst the British bell, yelet "Great Peter," which cost £2,000, and was placed in York Minster in 1845, weighs ten tons fifteen cwt. "The great bell of St. Paul's" (weighing five tons two cwt.), was originally cast in the reign of Edward III. It has been twice recast, with additional metal, and now measures ten feet in diameter, and ten inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A concert pitch.

The bells in Russia exceed in size and weight all that have ever been cast. The "monster bell" of Moscow, so accurately described by Dr. Clarke in his "Travels," was raised by a former Emperor of Russia, at great cost and with much difficulty, from the pit in which it lay for nearly two hundred years, and is now safely deposited in the Place. It is said that the Moscow bells, generally, have a fine tone. The Chinese have always been famous for having very large bells. There are seven at Pekin of enormous dimensions; but although so large, and producing a prodigious sound, they are far inferior to ours in tone, being struck outside by wooden mallets. They are of basin-like shape, being nearly as wide at top as at bottom. The Greek Church, excepting that branch of it established in Russia, has not adopted the use of bells. The Turks, who entirely eschew the use of bells, it seems, put a prohibition upon them after the taking of Constantinople, under the pretext that their sound disturbed the repose of so many who, according to them, wander in the regions of the air. Probably the true motive was a political one. However, the Greeks summon their religious assemblies by striking pieces of wood or iron together.

Various methods of bell-ringing have been adopted. Large bells are generally rung by hitting them outside, or by means of a rope attached to the clapper, which the finger pulls and then releases, so as to give a sharp stroke on the bell. Chimes on the continent are played by means of a barrel like that in a hand-organ, and clock-work, both in this country and abroad, is used for the same purpose. The carillons, which are so prevalent throughout the Netherlands, are played like a piano-forte, the keys being connected with the bells by bands or rods. A great number of bells are required for this strange music, having a complete series or scale of tones and semitones, and the carillonneur employs both hands and feet in executing the sprightly airs which charm the inhabitants of the cities of the Low Countries. Nothing, however, which can be done with bells is to be compared with the old English mode of ringing peals and musical changes. The date of the origin of this custom, it appears, is involved in considerable obscurity.

A gentleman thus describes the ringing of bells on the receipt of the news of the battle of Trafalgar; it is picturesque to the last degree: "I was in my venerable native city, Chester, ill in bed, and knew not of the victory of Trafalgar. Suddenly there arose a joyous and deafening peal from the eleven churches; then came a dead stop, and one deep toll from the cathedral sounded solemnly over the old city. Then there burst forth the joyous peal again; then came the pease, and the hour for England's 'darling hero.' These

contrasts of sound were alternately produced with an effect that was beyond expression striking and overpowering." Who knows what victories by sea or land will be announced by the jubilant peal in our day, or, in sad contrast, what knells of death, lamentation, and woe, shall mournfully damp the nation's joy! Well is it if we can, amidst all, preserve a calm and firm confidence in the assurance that God reigneth; so that when the news of success and victory reach us, we may rejoice with moderation; or, if we should hear of evil tidings, we may not be afraid, but hope in him who will yet be our helper and our God.

## CALIFORNIAN QUAIL.

We have not only received gold from California, but the Pacific State has enriched our natural history with many rare birds, among which prominently is the Californian quail. While it resembles our own familiar bird so as to be unmistakably the quail, still it is far more splendid in plumage and has the additional ornamentation of a crest, which it erects at pleasure, and which gracefully curves over its head, exactly as is represented in our engraving. Its neck and tail are of a darkish slate color, and a white semicircular mark encompasses its throat. The breast is speckled black and white, forming a series of crescent-like thin lines linked together in the most beautiful and regular manner imaginable. It is a very rare and very prolific bird. Its call note is very singular, closely resembling the barking of a small dog, but sufficiently shrill to be heard at a considerable distance. While no effort has been made to introduce this beautiful bird into the Atlantic States, the people of England are making strenuous efforts, and with great prospects of success. Lord Stamford, of Enville Hall, has had a pair sent to his estates, to be added to his already magnificent and choice collection; and should its acclimation be successful, no doubt, the estates of other noblemen of England, admirers of the bird creation, will be opened to the Californian quail.

The American continent, with all its extent and variety of climate and physical condition, is deficient in native domestic animals. Take away the Newfoundland dog and the turkey, and it has made no contribution of any importance to the general stock in other parts of the globe. The common turkey is originally from Virginia, but the horse, the ass, the ox, the sheep, the goat, and the pig, are all the fruit of its European colonization, whilst an experimental introduction of the camel is at present going on, for the purpose of aiding the overland transit from the United States to California. Its reptiles are numerous, but they are mostly noxious. The most useful is the turtle, which resorts yearly to the shores and islands of the Orinoco and other great rivers. Of serpents, the genus boa belongs to America, and rattlesnakes are its peculiar property. The insect tribes are countless, and the mosquitoes are terrible tormentors. But the butterflies are large and beautiful, whilst one species of beetle, called the diamond beetle, is one of the most brilliant objects in the insect world. The fish of America offer nothing generally remarkably different from such as are produced in other parts of the globe, under the influences of similar climates, and those circumstances which may affect the peculiarities of their habits. Of birds there is a vast variety. The condor, of the Andes, is the largest bird of prey with which we are acquainted, and the variety of its colors and the bright tints of blue and vermilion with which its head and neck are marked, are well known to the naturalist. But the characteristic glory of American ornithology is found in the gorgeous tribe of parrots swarming in all the tropical forests; the fairy family of the humming birds, widely diffused from their head quarters in Guiana and Brazil; and the passenger pigeons, which migrate in flocks of millions, darkening the air in the northern division of the continent. To these we add another ornithological specimen, represented in our accompanying and most beautiful engraving.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HENRY A. WISE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

ABOUT two hundred years ago—next after Jamestown—the eastern shore of Virginia was settled by three principal families, of which the Wises, from England, were one. They (the Wises) bought of the Indians lands bordering on the Chesapeake, which are still in the possession of their descendants. Some time after this, Colonel George Douglas emigrated, with his family, from his native land, Scotland, to the New World, and fixed on the above-mentioned peninsula his homestead, which is still there—an old brick mansion, of the early colonial style. The Douglases and Wises intermarried, and from John Wise and Margaret Douglas came the father of Henry A. Wise. His mother was Sarah Cropper, daughter of General John Cropper of revolutionary memory. A colonel in the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, he so bore himself through many battles and perils as to win the entire confidence of Washington, as is evidenced by the letters of that greatest of men to General C., still preserved as precious relics in the Cropper family. General Cropper was the son of a man eminently like the American of to-day, for without rank, family or wealth, so much more necessary to insure the success of the subject of England than of the simple republican, he carved out his own fortune, and from obscurity rose to wed the daughter of a haughty aristocrat, Sir Edmund Bowman, who had also settled on the eastern shore, at a place called from him "Bowman's Folly."

Henry A. Wise, fifth child of John and Sarah Wise, was born in Accomac county, eastern shore of Virginia, the 3d of Dec., 1806.

Mr. Wise's ancestry, then, is one not only of respectability and standing, but of integrity, through many generations back. His parents dying when he was very young, the most of his childhood was spent with two old paternal aunts, and many characteristic anecdotes are told of him during that time, which show that indeed in his case "the boy was father to the man." Mr. Wise can remember as "gala days," then, the fourths of July and twenty-second of February, which his veteran maternal grandfather kept religiously, with all the old school punctilio; and his numerous children and grandchildren gathered around his board at "Bowman's Folly;" the roar of old ocean, their music, its mountain waves spread out before their eyes, a picture familiar, but ever sublime, the one absorbing theme on every tongue, in every heart, was "Washington," "our country." Thus were cherished in Mr. Wise, from his earliest years, the loftiest emotions of our nature, the purest patriotism.

In 1821 he went to Washington College, Penn., then presided over by Dr. Andrew Wylie, one of the finest scholars and instructors of youth of the age, and under him Mr. W. graduated in three years, taking the first honor. The following year he went to the law school of Judge Henry St. George Tucker of Virginia, at Winchester in that State. Judge St. G. T. is well known as an eminent jurist of his day. After completing his law studies, Mr. Wise went, about the spring of 1828, to Nashville, Tennessee, where then resided Dr. C. Jennings, a Presbyterian divine, for whose lovely and pious daughter, Anne, Mr. W. had formed an ardent attachment, and to whom he was married in the following autumn. He remained in Nashville just long enough to establish himself in a very fine practice for so young a man, and then having a yearning (as Virginians ever do) for his native place, he returned thither in the fall of 1829. The next spring he became a candidate for Congress, in opposi-

The news from Utah indicates that the saints are in an excited state. Although no open defiance to the supreme authority has been uttered, military schools are established for the training to arms of the citizens, and infantry and cavalry tactics are taught according to the best authorities in such matters. The Mormon paper, the *News*, contains two elaborate and significant articles—the first denying the constitutional power of the federal government to appoint territorial officers, and threatening rebellion; and the second, assuming that allowing polygamy to be solely a human institution it concerns no one now except the inhabitants of Utah. This is unmistakably the platform of Brigham Young, and from the known character of the man and his great influence among his co-religionists, there can be no doubt but that they will be maintained even though the issue be a resort to arms.



tion to Richard Coke, Esq., of Gloucester county, Va., and won an election, triumphant in proportion to the peculiar influences at work against him. Had the first Monday in December, 1831, not have happened to come after the 3d of the same—Mr. Wise's twenty-fifth birthday—he would not, at the meeting of Congress, have been old enough to take his seat there. Mr. Wise's stand in the political world was from the first a high one, and immediately attracted the attention of the public at a time when Congress was a body of men of infinitely greater weight and



HENRY A. WISE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA. AMBROTYPE BY WITTINGEN OF RICHMOND, VA.

talents than it is at present. Mr. W.'s career there, during thirteen years, as is his whole political course, is a part of history, and open to the judgment of every one; but if facts be impar-



FOUNDRY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BELLS. SEE PAGE 355.

tially examined, it must appear that the charge of inconsistency and vacillation, so often brought against him, is, like many other charges in this prejudiced world, unjust. The one great principle of his life has been to battle for truth, and wherever that he found—at the North or South, East or West, in Whig or Democratic ranks, there too is Henry A. Wise. As in external nature there are ever going on great changes, new forms of beauty arising, the golden beams of to-day replacing the shadows of yesterday; so in the human mind, unperverted, as new light dawns upon it, there must be, from time to time, new views of things. In 1840, Mr. Wise, having four years previously lost his first wife, married Sarah, fourth daughter of John Sergeant, a lawyer of great eminence in Philadelphia. In the quiet and elegant school of that city Miss Sergeant had been reared, and clannish as Philadelphians ever are, and devoted to their homes, Virginia was to her (Miss S.) a *terra incognita*; but there has been in the universe, since the days of Eve, a power which has taught woman to say, in Ruth's sweet words, to the other half of her heart, wherever found—"Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God!"

In 1844, Mr. Wise, with all his family, went as Minister to Rio de Janeiro, and enjoyed an entirely novel life amid its orange groves and "spicy breezes;" but still the greenest spot in his heart was Old Virginia, and thither he returned in less than four years. In a sort of ludicrous commemoration of the event, there is a parody (still extant, I believe) of "Old Uncle Ned"—"Oh, carry me back to my Oyster-beds on Old Virginia's shore!" And in connection with these "oyster-beds" there have been more than one hapless Yankee trespassing on these forbidden precincts, in their unquenchable spirit of money-making and go-a-headiveness, who have to thank Mr. Wise for their rescue from the ruthless claws of the rude fishermen along the Virginia coast. Our sketch has been extended beyond our limits, and we are compelled to leave unnoticed the extraordinary contest which

took place in Virginia, resulting in the election of Mr. Wise to his present position as Governor of that State. Fortunately, however, the circumstances are still fresh in the minds of our readers, and the omission will not be noticed.

Mr. Wise's private moral character is so inseparable from his political—that is, the acts of the latter have ever emanated so entirely from the former—that perhaps one is as well-known as the other. Mr. Wise has the temperament of a man of genius, as he emphatically is; he is born to rule, whether in the State or in private life, for his will is indomitable; but those most intimate with him know that, despite the withering vein of sarcasm which he has ever at command, that he is far more loved than feared. The pure and fine instincts of children invariably cling to him, and it is one of his every-day pastimes to gather around him a group of these "little ones," whose juvenile fancy his knowledge of the human heart teaches him to please, and tell them wondrous stories of the past. Go, then, to them for Mr. Wise's true character; go also, not to the rich and great, but to the poor, walking in "life's more low but happier way" near his own homestead, and ask them of him. They will tell you to a man—"Henry A. Wise is a kind neighbor, a true friend—the poor man's friend!" And for Virginia, his native State—she has long since told the

world that he is her most cherished son!

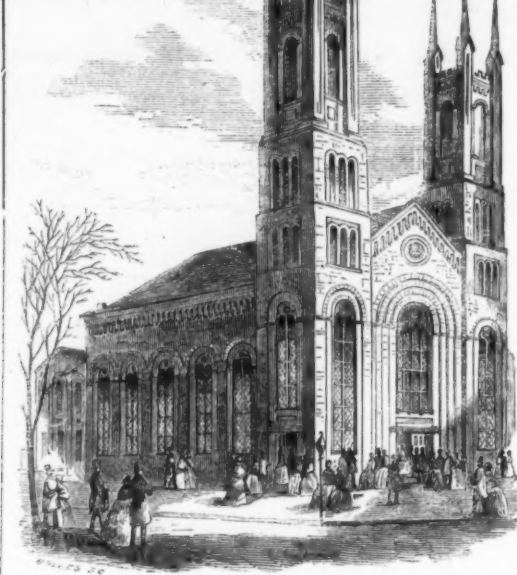
Since the death of his second wife, Mr. W. has espoused Miss Lyons, of Richmond, sister of the Hon. Jas. Lyons, of that place, of whom it is only necessary to say that she is, in the truest sense of the words, a Christian—a Virginian lady. Mr. Wise has seven children; two daughters, both married, and two sons, the children of his first wife, Anne Jennings; two sons and one daughter, not yet grown, of his second wife, Sarah Sergeant. His eldest and second sons are, the one—Secretary of Legation at Paris; the other studying divinity at the Virginia Theological Seminary.

ECONOMY.—Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a "waist."

#### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SOUTH BROOKLYN.

The beautiful new church, just completed in South Brooklyn by the Society of the South Congregational Church, was dedicated Sunday, April 19th, with appropriate religious exercises.

The services on that day were performed by the pastor. The church was entirely filled by a highly respectable and devout audience. The text, in the forenoon, was taken from the 6th verse of the 96th Psalm: "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." The building is situated on the corner of Court and President



SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CORNER OF COURT AND PRESIDENT STREETS, BROOKLYN.

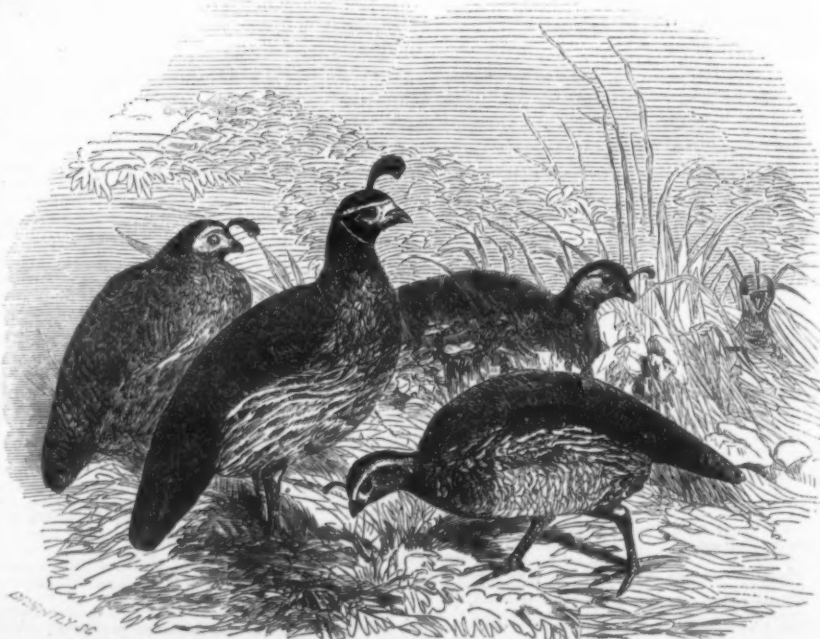


REV. RUFUS W. CLARKE, PASTOR OF SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BROOKLYN AMBROTYPE BY EADY.

streets; it was commenced about a year ago, and has cost \$45,000. Most of the money was raised by subscription; one gentleman furnished \$10,000 towards it. The church is about \$17,000 in debt, but that amount will probably soon be paid by the sale or rent of pews and otherwise. The church and lecture room form one building, 121 by 66 feet; the inside of the church is 85 by 66 feet; it contains 132 pews, capable of seating 700 people. The structure is of brick; the inside is fresco, painted in imitation of blocks, and presents a very chaste and rather imposing appearance. There are no galleries, but the church is built so they can be put up at any time. When the church is completed there will be two towers, as represented in our engraving, which will greatly improve the appearance of the building, and accomplish the original design of the architect. The lecture room, at the upper end of the church, and forming part of the same building, is 90 feet by 36 feet, and is capable of seating 500 persons. A study adjoins the lecture room, while on the floor above there are two commodious rooms, the one a prayer room, the other a Sabbath school room.

#### REV. RUFUS W. CLARKE.

This gentleman, recently called to preside over the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 17, 1813. After careful preparatory studies he entered Yale College and graduated with honor from that institution in 1839. Having selected the ministry for a profession, he studied theology at Andover and New Haven. He was then settled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where for nine years he was pastor of the North Church. He then removed to East Boston, and became for four years and a half the pastor of the Maverick Church. In that time two hundred and seventy-four persons were added to the congregation. The Sunday school numbered four hundred scholars, and it is worthy of remark that not a communion season passed without some additions to the church. Mr. Clarke has found time, in spite of his absorbing pastoral duties, to write and publish "Lectures to Young Men," "Heaven and its Emblems," "Life Scenes of the Messiah," "Romanism in America," "Question Book for Sabbath Schools," and several pamphlets and discourses. He was installed in the South Congregational Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, April 14, 1857.



CALIFORNIA QUAIL. SEE PAGE 355.



## AMUSEMENTS.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—R. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.  
Engagement of the popular performers,  
MR. and MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents;  
Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE,** 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,  
NEAR HOUTON STREET.  
MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.  
This new and beautiful Theatre is open for the season. An attractive  
entertainment every night.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra  
seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR.  
BROUGHAM. STAGE MANAGER, MR. R. JOHNSTON.  
Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BROUGHAM, and all the great Company.  
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 Cents; Boxes, 25 Cents; Pit and Gallery,  
12½ Cents; Private Boxes, \$5.  
Doors open at seven; to commence at half-past seven.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.**—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.  
The old favorites together again:  
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT Mr. DYOTT.  
Supported by the universal favorite,  
Mrs. HOEY.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.**  
THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.  
Mlle. ROBERT, PAUL BRILLANT, Mme. MONPLAISIR,  
LEON ESPINOSA, Young AMERICA, Young HENGLER,  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY—THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,  
ITALIAN OPERA.  
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; Orchestra  
Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5.

**MR. THALBERG**  
WILL VISIT THE  
PRINCIPAL WESTERN  
CITIES UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF  
MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

**GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS,** 444 Broad-  
way below Grand street.  
Henry Wood.....Business Manager.  
Geo. Christy.....Stage Manager.  
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS.  
And other entertainments every evening during the week.  
Doors open at 8; commence at 7½ o'clock.

**BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS' New Hall,** 585 Broadway,  
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.  
Every evening during the week, a variety of entertainments, including  
NEGRO MINSTRELS,  
Burlesques, &c.  
Commences at half-past seven. Admission 25 cents.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Now the cheapest paper in the world. This splendid Weekly Paper has just  
closed its Second Volume. The Two Volumes contain nearly ONE THOUSAND  
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DOLLARS.

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which can at all compare with the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
Every event of importance is illustrated with a rapidity hitherto unattempted  
in this country.

It has portraits of all the living celebrities, New Churches, Public Buildings,  
and Arts and Sciences are duly illustrated. It also contains the best Original  
Romances of the day, beautifully illustrated, short Tales, Anecdotes, Chess,  
and the Latest Foreign News up to the hour of going to press. Without losing  
its hitherto distinctive character of a newspaper, it will assume much more of a  
literary nature. In addition to the above features, it will have Thrilling  
Adventures, Novellities, Discoveries, Inventions, useful hints to everybody,  
and the greatest possible variety of miscellaneous reading matter. While the  
Editorial force and talent of the Paper will be increased, the Artistic skill will  
not be diminished. In every department it will be without a rival on this  
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Five Copies.....	1 Year.....	\$12.
Ten Copies.....	1 Year.....	\$22.
Twenty Copies.....	1 Year.....	\$40.

OFFICE, 12 &amp; 14 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union,  
or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of  
remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully  
received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be  
paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon  
our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us  
with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything  
will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic  
manner.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1857.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the bi-  
ographical sketch of Gov. Wise, of Virginia. It is from the pen  
of a distinguished Southern gentleman, and it cannot fail to in-  
terest all who may peruse it.

We consider our present number a fine specimen of an American  
Illustrated Paper. Whatever triumphs we have achieved, we  
believe our next issue will surpass anything we have heretofore  
produced. Our materials for highly interesting reading matter  
and for unsurpassed illustrations are accumulating in our hands.

We refer our readers to the descriptive article connected with the  
beautiful picture of St. Anthony's Falls. It will be found in-  
teresting to all, and more especially to those who contemplate moving  
West.

On another page will be found some interesting gossip relative to  
city matters, much talked about; the late magnificent ball at  
Niblo's, and Cora Hatch, the "inspired medium," are noticed.

The Brick Church opposite the Park is at last levelled with  
the ground. It is quite refreshing to witness the sunshine as it  
pours down unobstructed on the opening made by this demolition.  
Our citizens can now see what a splendid improvement it  
would have been to have had the Post Office at the foot of the  
Park, and the land on which the old Brick Church stood in-  
cluded in the Park as an offset; but we suppose that a really  
useful improvement, combining also beauty, is not to be reckoned  
among the things of New York life.

MR. TRIANGLE'S ADVENTURES.  
HIS EXPERIENCE IN MOVING.

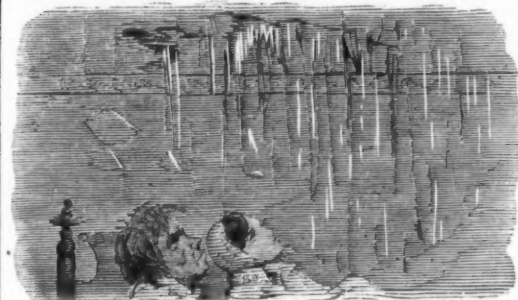
MY DEAR SIR: I still live, though I have been through the or-  
deal of "moving." How inexpressibly touching is the condition  
of that man who is obliged to change his residence in New York  
on the 1st of May. It is impossible to express the solemn feel-  
ings which agitate my soul, when I think how many of my  
fellow-creatures have been moving, and now, after weeks of toil  
and anguish—now that they have attained the desired end, and  
are fairly housed, how few there are whose destiny is not bitter  
disappointment.

For twelve months I occupied an objectionable house in an  
obnoxious location in Half street. The chief faults I complained



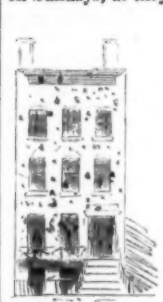
PROTECTION OF THE BABY AGAINST RATS.

of in my last re-  
sidence were that  
it swarmed with  
rats; there was no  
paper on the walls;  
no yard; there was  
a factory behind,  
and a hook and  
ladder company in  
the immediate vi-  
cinity; the roof  
leaked, and the  
people opposite  
were of exceed-  
ingly inquisitive  
dispositions; there  
was no bath-room,  
and no water in  
the bed-rooms ex-  
cept what came in  
at the roof. The  
extent of the rats may be inferred from the fact that it was necessary  
to keep a small but exceedingly reliable terrier in the crib with  
the baby, in order to protect that infant during our absence; and of  
their voracity you may form some conception when I assure you  
that they devoured in one night a leg of mutton, six bottles of  
Worcestershire sauce, a bundle of clothes-pins in the kitchen,  
besides half a boot, two volumes of Abbott's Napoleon, a stick  
of sealing-wax, and a diamond breast pin in my library; but, if  
living, they were objectionable, in death they were unendurable.



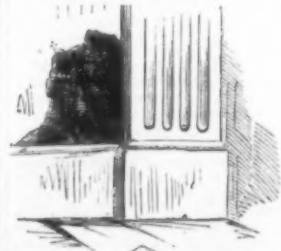
SCENE INSIDE THE HOUSE AT THE TIME OF A RAIN STORM.

On one occasion, a couple partook of some candy we had pur-  
chased for the baby, and died amongst the rafters, or joists, or  
whatever they call those timbers which support the floor. We  
dismissed three servants and had every atom of the plumber's  
work overhauled and repaired before we discovered the real cause  
of an unpleasant odor that pervaded the establishment, and then  
it cost me twenty-five dollars to carpenters for recovering the  
bodies. The factory in the rear seemed to have a disease of the  
heart, throbbing, and sobbing, and screaming all day, besides  
being very restless at nights. I suspect from the sounds and  
smells it emitted that it must have been a manufactory for the  
purpose of converting spoiled fish into rip saws. Anyway, it  
was objectionable; more so, I considered, than the hook and  
ladder company, my wife's special aversion; but then of course  
she could not be expected to take much interest in plug muzzes,  
which she even characterized as irreligious when they occurred  
on Sundays, as they generally did, by the way.

THE DESIRABLE HOUSE  
TO LET.

ladies in that house over the way, and they were very vigilant,  
relieving each other every half hour during the day and night;  
and yet they received the impression that I never paid my  
laundress (I had all washing done in the house); that I chizzled  
the milkman out of seventy-five cents; that I paid all my bills  
in Spanish quarters, and that Mrs. T— bent the cook for want-  
ing something to eat, to which was attributed said cook's black  
eye and sudden departure, with a complete set of table-linen.

It was considered desirable to get a larger house in a better  
neighborhood, at a lower rent. To me this easy little task was  
confided, and I at first set about it with all the cheerfulness of a

"THE HOUSE IN THOROUGH REPAIR."  
SECTION OF THE PARLOR WALL.THE AMIABLE MAN WHO  
SHOWED THE HOUSE  
TO LET.

Still, I am in-  
clined to think we  
should not have  
moved had the  
roof been sound,  
the people over the  
way been less in-  
terested in our  
private affairs, and  
the landlord would  
have consented to  
fit up a bath-room.  
It is very singular  
how hard it is,  
even with the best  
intentions, to ob-  
tain correct infor-  
mation. Now, I  
am sure there  
must have been at  
least sixteen young  
I set airily to work, sauntering  
about the localities I  
desired to patronize; but  
the very first encounter  
rather took the starch out  
of me. A most desirable  
little building, in the neigh-  
borhood of Union Square,  
took my fancy. I conceived  
a passion for it at once, and  
resolved that it should be

mine. By reference to the bill  
pasted on the door-post, I  
learned that particulars and  
tickets, to view, might be  
obtained of Huggs, Crokenburg  
& Co., in South street. Riding  
down in the stage, beautiful  
visions of the house of my heart,  
with lace curtains and a few  
flowers in the window, silver  
door-plate and new coat of  
paint, floated through my brain.  
Huggs, Crokenburg & Co., kept  
a long way down South street;  
but their small, black sign at  
last gladdened my heart. I re-  
mained in the office of Huggs,  
Crokenburg & Co. two minutes,  
and came out with the valuable information that the house  
was to be rented on a lease of five years, at a rent exactly  
double what I intended to pay. I rode back to the neigh-  
borhood of Union Square, and recommenced my search some-  
what chastened in spirit. I walked zigzag up and across  
many streets, consulting numerous square pieces of white  
paper, but where I could ascertain the rent by inquiring at the  
door they were always too high, and where the rent was an  
unknown quantity some other objection existed, until at last for-  
tune once again brought me in sight of a  
small brick tenement I thought would  
suit; moreover, the rent was marked on  
the bill \$750. "For particulars inquire  
of A. X. Kelly, No. —, 9th avenue,  
near 27th street." Away I posted, walk-  
ing and staging until I found myself  
opposite the office of Mr. Kelly: "A. X.  
Kelly, Real Estate Agent," in large letters  
over a small wooden box, with a small  
window and door in it. With that min-  
gled feeling of pride, gratitude, and relief  
a man experiences on having overcome  
a difficulty and accomplished his end,  
I laid my hand on the door knob, the  
knob turned, but the door returned a heartbreaking, paralyzing  
immovability. I shook, I knocked, I even kicked, but nothing  
save a hollow little echo answered my appeal. Through the  
glass door I saw the grimy little books squarely packed on the  
top of the desk, the pens in the rack, the safe closed, and on a  
small card right under my nose I perceived for the first time this  
inscription:  
"Office hours  
from nine till  
three." It  
was then four  
o'clock. I  
reached home  
at five o'clock,  
a wiser and  
sadder man.  
I felt very  
much irri-  
tated that  
evening by the undue eagerness and pertinacity with which  
Mrs. T— pressed the questions as to where I had been, what  
I had seen, whether I had looked at those cottages in Fifty-  
eighth street, and whether I had  
thought of calling in at that Boston  
basement, Fourth street, and so on,  
until I, able to bear it no longer, told  
her in the greatness of my wrath that  
I had seen a place in New Jersey that  
would just suit us, and that I had taken  
it for four years. The shock was severe,  
and Mrs. T— very naturally burst  
into tears, saying she would prefer  
death. I own that my conduct was  
exceedingly unfeeling, but I could not  
resist at the moment saying something  
very savage. It took a hearty supper  
and three-fourths of a sear to restore  
me to my natural amiability, and then,  
and not till then, did I confess the utter  
fruitlessness of my search. What  
should we do without woman on  
the 1st of May? If I had been left to my own resources  
to find out that house, I have no hesitation in saying that  
at this moment I should be a driving idiot, fumbling my  
fingers in the garden of a delightfully situated private lunatic  
asylum; but my wife came to the rescue. She read over whole  
columns of the Herald, extracted all the desirable advertise-  
ments, wafered them in proper order on a sheet of paper, and  
made marginal notes for my guidance. Handing it to me  
she said:



SCARED MATRON.

"Be very particular that there are no rats in the house. Look  
well about you for the holes; just see that *cavern* there, why I  
have been two or three times on the point of fastening a long  
stick round the baby's neck (as they do on geese, you know,) to  
keep her from falling into it."  
"I will pay particular attention to that, and see that the rooms  
are all nicely  
papered — no-  
thing looks so  
desolate, in my  
opinion, as an  
apartment with  
bare walls."  
"And, also,  
find out, if you  
can, what sort  
of people live  
opposite. I  
don't mind any-  
thing but fashion-  
able young ladies  
who have nothing  
in the world to do  
but watch other  
people."  
"It shall be attended to."  
"And inquire about the roof. I never wish to have such  
another soaking as we had that night  
last winter when all the plaster came  
down."  
"Neither do I."  
"And be very particular about hook  
and ladder companies and steam fac-  
tories. And we must have a nice yard  
behind."  
All this counsel I stored away in  
my mind, repeating it to myself till it  
became so impressed on my brain that  
I expressed my intention of smoking just one more hook and  
ladder company before I went to bed.

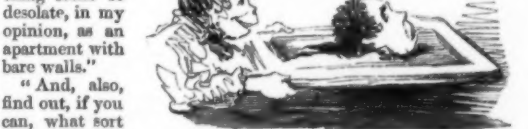
Next morning, having got myself up with sober magnificence,  
in order to impress landlords, I went forth into the streets armed  
with my list, blacklead pencil, and a stout heart. What houses I

CELTIC ASSISTANT AT  
WORK.

mine. By reference to the bill  
pasted on the door-post, I  
learned that particulars and  
tickets, to view, might be  
obtained of Huggs, Crokenburg  
& Co., in South street. Riding  
down in the stage, beautiful  
visions of the house of my heart,  
with lace curtains and a few  
flowers in the window, silver  
door-plate and new coat of  
paint, floated through my brain.  
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a long way down South street;  
but their small, black sign at  
last gladdened my heart. I re-  
mained in the office of Huggs,  
Crokenburg & Co. two minutes,  
and came out with the valuable information that the house  
was to be rented on a lease of five years, at a rent exactly  
double what I intended to pay. I rode back to the neigh-  
borhood of Union Square, and recommenced my search some-  
what chastened in spirit. I walked zigzag up and across  
many streets, consulting numerous square pieces of white  
paper, but where I could ascertain the rent by inquiring at the  
door they were always too high, and where the rent was an  
unknown quantity some other objection existed, until at last for-  
tune once again brought me in sight of a  
small brick tenement I thought would  
suit; moreover, the rent was marked on  
the bill \$750. "For particulars inquire  
of A. X. Kelly, No. —, 9th avenue,  
near 27th street." Away I posted, walk-  
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opposite the office of Mr. Kelly: "A. X.  
Kelly, Real Estate Agent," in large letters  
over a small wooden box, with a small  
window and door in it. With that min-  
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a man experiences on having overcome  
a difficulty and accomplished his end,  
I laid my hand on the door knob, the  
knob turned, but the door returned a heartbreaking, paralyzing  
immovability. I shook, I knocked, I even kicked, but nothing  
save a hollow little echo answered my appeal. Through the  
glass door I saw the grimy little books squarely packed on the  
top of the desk, the pens in the rack, the safe closed, and on a  
small card right under my nose I perceived for the first time this  
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"Office hours  
from nine till  
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was then four  
o'clock. I  
reached home  
at five o'clock,  
a wiser and  
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I felt very  
much irri-  
tated that  
evening by the undue eagerness and pertinacity with which  
Mrs. T— pressed the questions as to where I had been, what  
I had seen, whether I had looked at those cottages in Fifty-  
eighth street, and whether I had  
thought of calling in at that Boston  
basement, Fourth street, and so on,  
until I, able to bear it no longer, told  
her in the greatness of my wrath that  
I had seen a place in New Jersey that  
would just suit us, and that I had taken  
it for four years. The shock was severe,  
and Mrs. T— very naturally burst  
into tears, saying she would prefer  
death. I own that my conduct was  
exceedingly unfeeling, but I could not  
resist at the moment saying something  
very savage. It took a hearty supper  
and three-fourths of a sear to restore  
me to my natural amiability, and then,  
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CELTIC ASSISTANT AT WORK.

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did see that day! Some that were occupied as private boarding-houses, where the perfume of dead dinners pervaded the establishment; where mysterious figures fled before me as I mounted the stairs and disappeared in chambers I was not permitted to examine; where soiled linen reigned triumphant in the sleeping apartments; where scared matrons started at my approach, and fussy children deserted their rubbish to conceal themselves behind rocking chairs; where stains of hair-oil gave a diseased appearance to the walls, and where the bath tubs were filled with buckets, scrubbing brushes, broken chairs, and rags, like great big spit balls. Other houses I saw, new, smelling of mortar, and looking as though they would fall to pieces if some one did not move in very quickly. Others, again, I was only permitted to view as far as the parlors, from which I was expected to infer the appearance of the whole house, as geologists construct the perfect body of some extinct beast from a single joint of the tail. One undesirable place, the owner wished to let to a responsible party who would board his family, consisting of three little boys, a baby, two grown-up daughters, a ditto son, himself and wife for the rent. Many, chiefly in remote places, could only be seen at inconvenient hours, such as between seven and eight in the morning and nine and ten in the evening. A family going to Europe were kind enough to say they would let me have their house, provided I would purchase a quantity of flashy furniture, apparently made out of butterflies and black sealing wax. A brown stone front wanted six months' rent in advance. A Boston basement had ruptured its staircase. A very desirable residence for a private family had just recovered from the small pox; and an elegant cottage pleasantly situated within two minutes' walk of the Ninth avenue cars could not be found.

Day after day did I hunt, and day after day did I become more ferocious, till I hated the very sight of a house, and wished I had been born a cow to sleep in the fields. Volumes, unless very large ones, could not contain my experiences. They were severe, varied, and protracted. At last fortune favored me in a happy hour. I found exactly the place we wanted, in Twenty-seventh and a Quarter street. There was not a rat in the house. No hose or engine company within three blocks; as far as the eye could reach, not a factory. The roof was perfectly water tight. All the rooms were beautifully papered; a most convenient bath-room existed on the second floor; an exquisite garden stretched out behind, and in front was a large sombre house with the blinds closed. My wife agreed that nothing could be more precisely what we required.

We took that house, possession to be given at twelve o'clock on the 1st of May, A.D. 1857.

Carmen now became my constant companions—intelligent Irishmen, who could take up carpets and understood how to move a piano, were my daily visitors. In the evening, when I came home from business, I would always find some startling novelty prepared for me. On one occasion, I found all the parlor furniture apparently engaged in a rough and tumble fight in one corner of the room—a side-table had got a what-not on the floor, a sofa was pitching into the piano, the chimney ornaments had grappled with my illustrated edition of the poets, whilst all the time the portrait of a maiden aunt reclined in the amorous embrace of the rocking chair, contemplating the confusion. On another occasion, I was requested from the parlor window to go in at the basement, as the front door was blocked up with furniture inside. I had to sleep on every bed in the house; and was compelled to live a day and a half on bread and butter, the cooking utensils being packed up.

At last the day arrived, great was the commotion—carmen rushed in and eloped with frail pieces of furniture, knocked off the legs of the weak, and scratched the varnish of the strong; and, if I ventured to expostulate, they wounded my feelings by suggesting that they could have made double as much money elsewhere, and that they deeply repented having contracted with me. I assisted as much as I could, but my efforts generally resulted in my being jammed up in a corner by some heavy piece of furniture, and, becoming perfectly helpless at the time, and subsequently sick, towards the close of the operation, I contented myself by moving small articles, such as bird-cages, door-mats, carpet-bags, and encouraging my men. At twelve o'clock I was to deliver up my key, and at the same hour precisely I was to receive from the individual evacuating the house I had taken the other key. This perplexed me somewhat, but finally I arranged that Mrs. T— should go on with the baby and servants in the carriage, and take possession of the new mansion, whilst I waited behind to give up the old. Off they all went, carts, carriage, wife, baby, servants, furniture and all, and I remained lone and solitary, pacing the dusty and desolate chambers of my deserted house. I should have sat down, but there was nothing to sit upon, so I walked wearily till noon, when the factory whistle announced with a disappointed yell. No tenant came to receive the key. Half past twelve, still no tenant. Former occupant so fatigued that he was fain to seat himself on the stoop; small boys in the street threw bits of coal at former proprietor, and reviled him. One o'clock came, and I was just going, when new tenant arrived, took the key, and seemed to think he had done a rather clever thing in not hurrying me about going.

It was a tedious journey to Twenty-seventh and a Quarter street, in my then frame of mind; it would have been more so had I known that I should find the other family still in possession, all my own furniture in wild disorder on the sidewalk, and the baby crying in the carriage. It was nearly dark before the other family moved out, and quite darker before I moved in, and to accomplish it I had to pay inexperienced boys large sums of money to assist me, and be grateful to them at that. But let me draw a veil over the melancholy scene. Suffice it to say, that night we all slept on the floor, supped on cheese and water, and that the baby was very restless.

TRIANGLE.

#### CITY THINGS MUCH TALKED ABOUT.

##### THE WEATHER.

EVERYBODY talks about the weather, so we will commence our chat with a few remarks upon that generally interesting topic. Not that the weather itself has been remarkably interesting to anybody lately, but to those curious natural philosophers who like to trace the phenomena of rapid transitions of cold, damp, catarrhish, and asthmatic storms and other peculiarities of our unenviable climate, which always make their appearance at this season; so that the popular idea of spring is really an immense joke, of which only milliners and dry goods merchants reap any benefit—its reputation in "Thomson's Seasons" enabling them to sell large quantities of unnecessary bonnets and superfluous shawls to persons of what phrenologists call *extremely sanguine* complexions. Still, in spite of its freaks and caprices, spring is an ever welcome visitor, associated always with pleasant thoughts of childhood, of flowers, of the return of all that is bright, genial, and most dearly cherished.

##### THE BACHELORS' BALL.

The past season has been an unusually brilliant one, even in the gay world of New York, and was appropriately closed on Thursday evening, the 23d inst., by a magnificent *soirée dansante*, given at Niblo's Saloon by two hundred and fifty gentlemen to their lady friends, of whose hospitalities they had been the recipients during the past winter. The cards issued were as follows:

The honor of your company is requested at the

##### SOIRÉE DANSANTE.

On Thursday evening, April 23, at 8 o'clock.

PATRONESSES.—Mrs. Thomas S. Gibbs, Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell, Mrs. John A. Stevens, Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn, Mrs. Joseph

Delafeld, Mrs. Wm. B. Astor, Mrs. Robert Leroy, Mrs. Robert B. Marsh.

PATRONESSES.—Mr. Wm. Duer Robinson, Mr. Edward A. Bibby, Mr. C. F. Winthrop, Mr. Peter Marie, Mr. W. B. Hoffman, Mr. Robert Benson, Jr., Leopold Schmidt, Peyton Jandori.

The decorations were superb and reflected great credit on the part of the management. The curtains of the large saloon were covered with lace drapery, festooned with roses and lighted up with hundreds of candles, which added to the illumination by gas, produced the most brilliant effect. At one end of the room a stage was erected in the form of a half circle, on each side of which the bands were stationed, while the centre was occupied by a pyramid of flowers, at least twelve feet at the base and twenty feet high. This splendid floral structure owed its existence to the taste and genius of Mr. Buchanan (not the President), but the eminent florist, and was much, and deservedly, admired.

The company, under the auspices of Brown—we know but one Brown, and who would think of calling him Mr. Brown might as well call Napoleon Mr. Napoleon, but this by way of parenthesis—as we were saying, the company under the auspices of the indispensable Brown began to arrive about nine o'clock, and were each in turn formally announced, and then expected to turn and pay their respects to the lady patronesses who, resplendent in silk, lace, and diamonds, waited to receive them. Most of them did as expected, but some young gentlemen who should have known better, blundered into the room, forgetting their manners in their hurry to secure the prettiest young ladies for the next waltz.

Among the distinguished guests were Lord Napier, the British Ambassador, accompanied by a most charming lady, Mrs. Wm. Butler Duncan, at whose magnificent residence in Fifth Avenue his lordship remained while in the city, Count and Countess Montholon, Countess de Deion and daughter, Judge Ingersoll of New Haven, Mrs. Col. Thorn, Mrs. Washington Costar and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Norrie, Captain and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Jones, and many others composing the *élite* of New York society, with guests from other cities, among whom we noticed some lovely Baltimoreans, who fully proved the claim of the Monumental City to the most beautiful women in the world.

Among the most charming young ladies present were the Misses C—ll, of Fifth avenue, Miss B—n, Miss K—y, of Genesee, Miss P—e, from the South, Miss P—h, who, it is whispered, is to be transplanted very soon to a Boston soil. This is too bad; the gallant New Yorkers should not let our fairest flowers be carried off to other skies, which, however kind, can never seem so dear as these. Notwithstanding the varied array of loveliness present, we think we are right in according the palm of beauty to Miss B—n, of Fifth avenue, whose fine form and splendid complexion were radiant in a robe of white silk, covered with lace, looped up into garlands of flowers.

Under the excellent management of the committee not a single circumstance occurred to mar the perfect enjoyment of the evening. Occasionally excited by the combination of attractions, a descendant of one of our old Dutch Governors became somewhat obstreperous, but he was soon subdued into propriety. The supper table was supplied with every delicacy, and charmingly decorated with flowers. The cost of the entertainment could not have been less than \$2,500. The death of relatives prevented the presence of many of the brightest ornaments of the world of fashion, but the affair will long be remembered as a most brilliant and successful ovation from the bachelors of New York to their lady friends.

#### MISS CORA HATCH, THE ELOQUENT MEDIUM OF THE SPIRITUALISTS.

"SHE is the intellectual wonder of the age."  
"She is an inscrutable rhapsodist."  
"What a sequence of metaphysical abstractions!"  
"What a horrible attack on religion!"  
"What an eloquent exposition of the principles of Christianity!"  
"What a sacrilegious assault on the Church!"  
"What an unanswerable rebuke to our modern Pharisees!"

These diverse opinions were pronounced on her hearing by as many different voices at the close of one of Cora Hatch's expositions, and every one of these opinions came from persons whose culture, position and character would give weight to their decision on most topics. Where lies the truth?

It will be scarcely necessary to premise that "Cora the Teacher" is accepted by the "Spiritualists" as an inspired medium. They believe her chosen by the kindly teachers of men who have already passed from human existence, to explain to earthly seekers for light what is useful for mortal man to know, or is given to their disembodied friends to reveal.

In every sense the phenomena of spiritualism is worthy of a careful and systematic investigation by the most candid and competent of its cotemporaries, for it is wrong to say that a faith, however delusive, which counts at least half a million of believers in the middle of this century of searching sceptical materialism, is too unimportant for investigation. Men of deep and varied science, learned theologians and cautious men of the world—some of the boldest and clearest thinkers of the day—have been captivated by this strange belief that the children of earth have direct communication with the spirit world.

The public hear of table-tippings and spirit-rappings and miraculous manifestations in reply to very insignificant questions, and when all this marvellous interposition stops at such petty results, the world says half in disappointment, half in contempt, "Is this all?" "Do spirits leave their homes of light to tell us only this?"

The busy world turns away from these insufficient results, and wraps in more absorbing interests, forgets for a while the spirit world and its mediums. Then comes the singular, the incredible announcement that a young girl, one that was but yesterday an untaught rustic maiden, blooming unnoticed in a country village, has been inspired by voices from the spirit world to become a medium of instruction to the seekers of truth. Then some curious inquirers find a moment to hear how this novel pretender will acquit herself of such daring promises.

The Tabernacle is filled—and more than once—with a vast but decorous crowd. The rulers of the State smile to meet the renowned in science among the curious listeners, and the half-believers watch to see how these lights of society will accept what is coming. Dr. Hatch, a man of rough, hardy, practical sense, steps forward, and states the programme. The audience is invited to select a committee who will prepare the questions, and to these the spirits are expected to answer through their medium, the inspired Cora.

There is a busy exchange of scrutinizing glances throughout the assemblage. The general eye and mind fall upon some persons of known reputation, and they are called upon to select difficult and abstruse subjects. One, or two, or three, are named and decided upon by a vote of the audience.

Meanwhile a fair and slender girl, on whose flowing ringlets seventeen summers sit with light and easy grace, is visible in the background. She remains seated with her upraised eyes fixed in an expression of intense but confident invocation. As the questions to be discussed are stated, an indescribable change steals over her face. It is a look of rapt enrapture, such as our fancy would depict for the Pythones or Sybil of classic faith. It is a masterpiece of splendid acting—if acting it is.

She rises, and pours out an eloquent prayer to the "Divine Father of Love and Light," and then, almost without a pause, proceeds with the subject, "Is the soul of man a part of the Deity?" This was the challenge of a reverend gentleman then present; and the audience voted that the medium should then and there discuss this metaphysical abstraction.

Both spoke well; and the divine sustained the affirmative with seal and acumen, while Cora assumed a modified negative with brilliant success. At least, we give this as the conviction of several persons of distinguished intellect who were present, and who pronounced her argument the most splendid metaphysical effort they had ever encountered. The illustrations drawn from the solar system and other apposite allusions, evinced a breadth and clearness of mental culture really wonderful in a girl of seventeen. Her graceful and surpassing elegance of diction was another fruitful theme. A calm, equally sustained manner; a rich, clear voice, that filled the ear without one overstrained note, and a modest unconsciousness of display, or an entire absorption in the subject matter, are the characteristics of Mrs. Cora Hatch as a public speaker.

Her theology and her style of argument is strikingly in correspondence with that of the late Dr. Channing, and an old friend and

warm co-religionist of that eminent preacher is firmly convinced that his spirit speaks through Cora's lips in those descriptions. So gentle in words yet so severe in spirit—of that "school-taught religion of outward forms and observances, which builds magnificent churches, but heeds not the inward divine voice that strives to teach us, as did Jesus of Nazareth, to love one another." This quotation gives the spirit of her teachings.

These views, and her subtle, far-reaching, analytical definitions, are received, as we have stated, even by men of mind and education, in very opposite ways. It requires steady attention and some mental discipline to follow her metaphysical refinements and scientific illustrations; but her high intellectual gifts are not disputed. It is her religious dogmas of spiritualism, contra materialism, that is creating an uproar.

Of the same discourse, some, whose mental, moral, and social standing are of the highest order, say for her that she has drunk purest inspiration from the Divine Word and example of the Prince of Peace; and that she speaks only as he taught when she deals with the Scribes and Pharisees of our day, while others of equal position condemn these very sentences as horrible blasphemy.

They say "religion is scoffed at and the Bible derided, and the ordinances of our Saviour declared to be vain and foolish," in the very expressions which minds of another construction accept with delight, as the true essence of Christianity.

As these learned pun-its cannot agree, every one must see, hear, and judge for himself. If they agree in nothing else, they will admit that "Cora the Teacher" is endowed with rich and rare gifts, well worth an hour of intelligent attention, as the greatest intellectual curiosity of the day.

#### INTERESTING STATISTICS.

**EXPENSES OF RELIGION.**—Some research after curious statistics has made an estimate of the probable amount which it costs the individual members of the different churches in the United States to sustain their respective churches. The estimate is founded upon the last census of the United States. A Baptist or Methodist, three dollars and forty cents; a Presbyterian, seven dollars; a Congregationalist, ten dollars; a Roman Catholic, fourteen dollars; an Episcopalian, eighteen dollars; a Reformed Dutch, twenty-two dollars; a Unitarian, twenty-three dollars.

Two thousand nine hundred silk worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 27,000 spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web. With a view to collect their webs for silk, 4,000 spiders were once obtained, but they soon killed each other.

Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes—two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

In 1849 there were produced in France 925,000,000 gallons of wine.

Ten millions of pounds sterling (\$50,000,000) are annually transmitted through the British Post Office, to all parts of the realm, without the loss of two pounds to the million, by peculation, robbery, fire, or any casualty whatever.

The income of the Marquis of Westminster, it is said, is £400,000 per annum, equal to \$6,000 per day, or over \$3 for every minute of time, night and day, through the day. Every tick of the clock throws a half time into his purse.

Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of History," speaking of the great wall of China, says: "Such is the height and thickness of this wall, that it has been calculated that its cubic contents exceed all the buildings in England and Scotland; or again, that the same materials would serve to construct a wall of ordinary height and moderate thickness, round the whole earth."

When the bells ring noon, nine hundred thousand children (in the State of New York) pour out from eleven thousand school houses.

Since the first of September some 41,000 chests of tea have been imported in Boston, against 9,000 chests in the same time last year.

Massachusetts, which was the first State, according to its white population, in 1790, has now become the fourth, exactly reversing the course of New York, which has become the first from the fourth rank.

In France there are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of coal exceeds 3,000,000 tons.

Three hundred thousand persons in France are engaged in mining, and their operations show an annual value of \$80,000,000.

From the reports of the fifty-two Savings Banks in New York State it appears that the deposits in 1856 were \$22,503,556—being an increase of nearly \$4,000,000 over 1855. There were 204,315 depositors. In New York and Brooklyn the year's deposits foot up \$16,308,295. The entire sum now held by Savings Banks is nearly \$42,000,000—an increase of five and a half millions for the year.

#### MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE SPACE.

**FANS.**—The use of the fan was known to the ancients: *Cape hoc Abellum et ventulum Avic sic facio.*—*THE SENSE.* The modern custom among the ladies was borrowed from the East. Fans, together with muffs, masks, and false hair, were first devised by the harlots in Italy, and were brought to France from France. The fan was used by females to hide their faces in church.

**FEASTS AND FESTIVALS.**—The feast of the Tabernacles was instituted by Moses in the wilderness, 1490 B.C., but was celebrated with the greatest magnificence for fourteen days, upon the dedication of the temple of Solomon, 1005 B.C. In the Christian church, those of Christmas, Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost or Whitsunside, were first ordered to be observed by all Christians, A.D. 68. Ragation days were appointed in 409. Jubilees in the Romish church were instituted by Boniface VIII. in 1300.

**FIEF.**—In France we find fiefs-men mentioned as early as the age of Charlebert I., A.D. 611. They were introduced into Italy by the Lombards. Into Spain, before the invasion of the Moors, A.D. 710. Into England by the Saxons (see Feudal Laws.) Into Scotland, directly from England, by Malcolm II. 1008.

**FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.**—Henry VIII. embarked at Dover to meet Francis I. of France, at Ardes, a small town near Calais in France, May 31, 1520. The nobility of both kingdoms here displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense, as procured to the place of interview (an open plain) the name of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Many of the king's attendants involved themselves in great debts on this occasion, and were not able, by the plying of the rest of their lives, to repair the vain splendor of a few days. A painting of the embarkation, and another of the interview, are at Windsor Castle.

**FIFTH MONARCHY-MEN.**—Fanatical levellers who arose in the time of Cromwell, and who supposed the period of the Millennium to be just at hand, when Jesus should descend from heaven and erect the fifth universal monarchy. They actually proceeded to elect Jesus Christ king at London! Cromwell dispersed them, 1653.

**FIRE-ARMS.**—Small arms were contrived by Schwartz, A. D. 1378; they were brought to England about 1385. Fire-arms were a prodigious rarity in Ireland in 1499, when six muskets were sent from Germany as a present to the Earl of Kildare, who was then chief-governor. Muskets were first used at the siege of Rhegen, in 1525. The Spaniards were the first nation who armed the foot soldier with these weapons. Voltaire states, that the Venetians were the first to use guns, in an engagement at sea against the Genoese; in 1377 but historians affirm, that the English had guns at the battle of Cressy 1346; and the year following at the siege of Calais.

**FIRE-ENGINES.**—The fire-engine is of modern invention, although the forcing pump, of which it is an application, is more than two centuries old. The fire-engine, to force water, was constructed by John Vander Heyden, about the year 1663; it was improved materially in 1762, and from that time to the present. The fire-watch, or fire-guard of London, was instituted November 1701. The fire brigade was established in London in 1833.

**FIRE-SHIPS.**—They were first used in the sixteenth century. Among the most formidable contrivances of this kind ever used, was an explosion vessel to destroy a bridge of boats at the siege of Antwerp, in 1585. The first use of them in the English navy was by Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, lord high admiral of England, in the engagement with the Spanish Armada, July, 1588.

**FIRE-WORKS.**—Are said to have been familiar to the Chinese in remote ages; they were invented in Europe at Florence, about A. D. 1369; and were first exhibited as a spectacle in 1588. At an exhibition of fire-works in Paris, in honor of the marriage of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., the passages being stopped up occasioned such a crowd, that the people, seized with a panic, trampled upon one another till they lay in heaps; a scaffold erected over the river also broke down, and hundreds were drowned; more than 1000 persons perished on this occasion, June 21, 1770. Madame Blachard ascending from Tivoli Gardens, Paris, at night, in a balloon surrounded by fire-works, the balloon took fire, and she was precipitated to the ground, and dashed to pieces, July 6, 1819.

According to one of the provisions of the new Mexican Constitution, all persons born in the Republic of Mexico are born free, and all slaves touching the Mexican territory regain by that act their liberty, and have a right to the protection of the laws.



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**BRANDRETH'S PILLS CURE** D PREVENT  
FEVER AND AGUE. was in a fever  
last summer and fall, numbers around me were with it; I  
was troubled with a headache occasionally, but took four Brandreth's  
Pills; continued them for two or three days, when worse than usual,  
and they always cured me, my freedom from fever and ague I at-  
tribute to their use—in fact it was conceded that those who took  
Brandreth's Pills were safe from it. Sold at No. 48 Brandreth  
Building. Twenty-five cents a box. 74

**LIFE INSURANCE**  
**BRITISH COMMERCIAL COMPANY,**  
35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.  
**THE STABILITY OF THIS COMPANY IS**  
undoubted. It has been in successful operation for



## THE GREAT SUBMARINE CONTRACT FOR RAISING RUSSIA'S SUNKEN FLEET BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

To Col. John E. Gowan, a citizen of this country, after a fair competition with the best engineers of the world, has been awarded the greatest contract—submarine or otherwise—ever entered into, that of raising the entire fleet of Russia, one hundred and eleven ships of war, from the deep waters of the Black Sea!

When the British and French approached Sebastopol, the Russians, to protect their harbor, sunk at the entrance, between Forts Alexander and Constantine, two of the one hundred and twenty gunships, two of the thirty-eight gun, two frigates and two corvettes. The line occupied by these sunken vessels was about three-quarters of a mile long, the water being sixty feet deep. The vessels sunk here were among the poorest in the fleet. In the gale which was so fatal to the English and French vessels in the Black Sea, this line was so much disturbed, that the allies, if they had known it, could easily have entered into the harbor. This caused the Russians to sink a second line between Fort Michael and Fort Nicholas, about a mile inward. When the Redan was captured by the allies, all the balance of the fleet was sunk, preparatory to abandoning the place. The following is a list of the vessels sunk:—five line-of-battle ships, seventeen frigates, six corvettes, ten brigs of war, six schooners of war, five tenders, one boom ship, one ton gun yacht, twenty-three transports, fifteen steamers of war, and nineteen merchant ships.

At Kertch there are also some five or six Russian vessels sunk, which are included in the contract, and in the harbor of Sebastopol there are some \$500,000 worth of chains and anchors, which the French and English threw overboard, from inability to carry them off.

The machinery of the steamers of war, before being sunk, was carefully covered with a preparation of tallow to prevent injury from the water. They were scuttled by boring three-inch auger holes near the water line, and all this was done before the English and French appeared before the place.

The work of raising these ships and other property is entrusted to the Boston Submarine Company, and already the two vessels, the Silver Key and the screw steamer General Knox, built in this country expressly for the purpose, are on their way to the scene of their important labors. On board of the General Knox are numerous American mechanics and the best divers of the United States, with several complete sets of submarine armor, ample apparatus for blasting, and a Gwynne pumping engine, capable, when driven to its full capacity, of discharging one thousand barrels of water per minute. By means of this wonderful machine, a sunken vessel, even in eighty feet of water (the deepest part of the harbor of Sebastopol is only sixty-six feet), can be pumped out, filled with air, and thus raised, without the slightest injury. Upwards of thirty large sunken steamers have been raised by this new and admirable process in the United States within the last two years, and it is a noticeable fact that in no case has it failed of success. It is not necessary to attempt to make the sunken vessel perfectly tight. Leaks admitting one thousand gallons per minute are of no consequence where the engine will discharge as many barrels in the same time. Illustrative of this power, it may not be uninteresting to mention that in raising the steamer Knickerbocker, in September last, from the bottom of the Hudson River, by this process, two air ports, each ten inches square, were purposely left open, in addition to all the other leaks, and yet in just one hour and fifteen minutes she was afloat, ready to be towed to New York. This included all the stoppages required to keep her upright as she rose. The actual working time of the pump was but twenty minutes. She was a steamer of the largest class, three hundred feet long and thirty-two feet beam, and till taken hold of by the Boston Submarine Company was regarded as a hopeless case.

As the submerged Russian ships were sunk under the direction of competent officers, with a view to being raised again, and probably with their hatches and ports closed, they are cases precisely adapted to this new process, the exclusive use of which everywhere (except on the Mississippi River and its tributaries), is secured by patent to the Boston Submarine Company. The old mode of raising a sunken vessel was to lift her with chains and scows, which, besides being a tedious, uncertain and very expensive process, has always been open



COL. JOHN E. GOWAN, THE AMERICAN CONTRACTOR FOR RAISING THE SUNKEN RUSSIAN SHIPS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.

to the serious objection that no precaution can prevent great injury to the hull, by the chains cutting and crushing into the wood; but till the recent invention of the Gwynne pumping engine, no better method was possible, as no other pumping apparatus in existence could expel the water fast enough from a sunken vessel to overcome all leaks, and admit a sufficient quantity of air to raise her. This method, as it can be used by no one else, will undoubtedly enable the Boston Company to raise every ship of any value in the harbor of Sebastopol, with a rapidity, certainty and cheapness which will defy competition.

Some of the hydraulic machinery to be used in raising the vessels is of the most colossal description, one cylinder weighing fifty-four thousand pounds.

The iron chain to be used in connection with the Gwynne pumping engine, in raising the ships, is one of the mechanical wonders of the age. It is two hundred yards long, each link of which weighs three hundred pounds, and each link has been

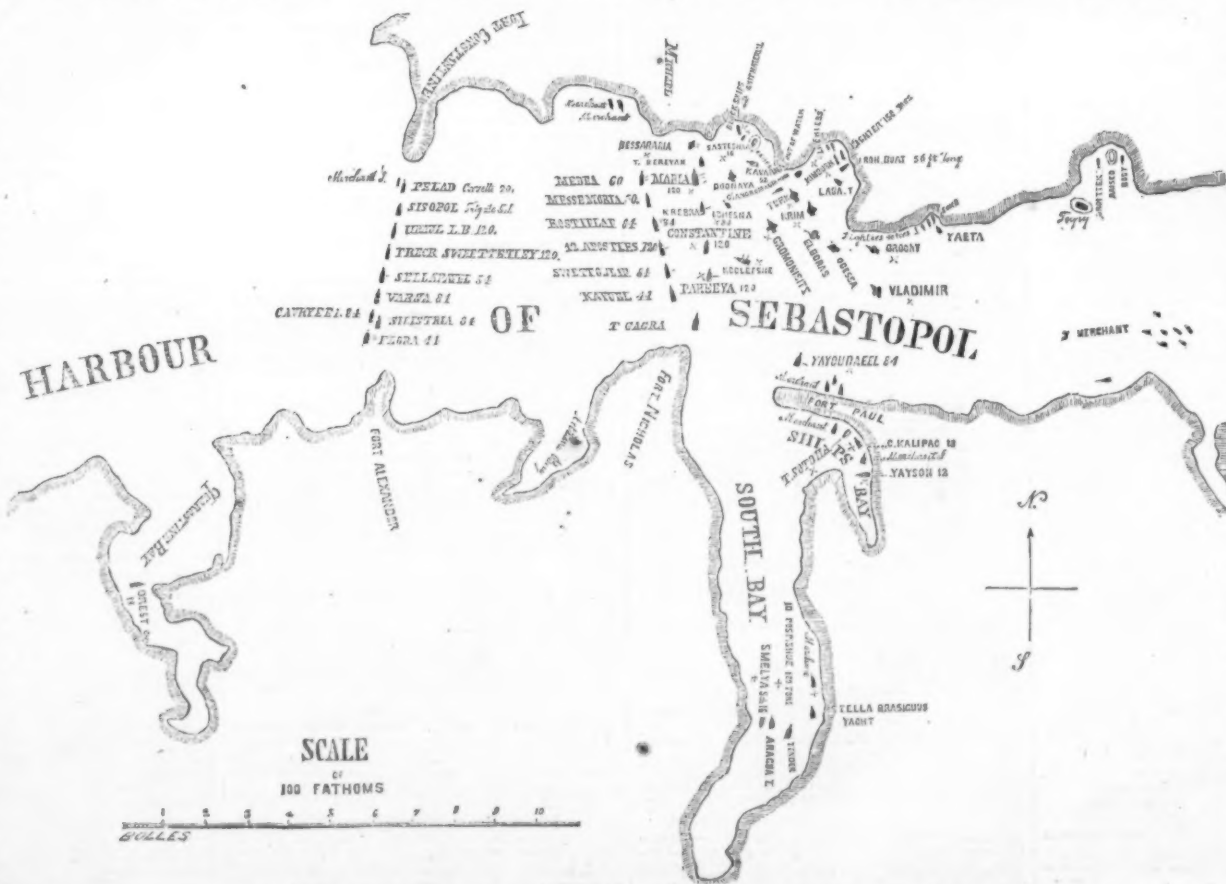
separately tested by a strain of five hundred tons. It was manufactured at the Reading Forge, Reading, Pa. The value of the material to be furnished by the Russian Government to be used in the raising of this fleet will be about a million and a half of dollars, and the time occupied in performing the contract will, it is thought be about eighteen months or two years.

Quite recently an English paper announced that the strongest cable ever manufactured for a merchant vessel was then lying at one of the railway stations in Liverpool, intended for mooring the United States mail-ship Adriatic in the Sloyne. This cable is forty yards long, each link weighs fifty pounds, a mere lady's guard chain compared with the enormous cable to be used in raising Russia's sunken ships of war. The great chain stretched, in the Revolution, across the Hudson, at West Point, to keep British vessels from ascending above that point, was three times heavier than the chain made to hold the Adriatic, and just half as heavy as the great Sebastopol representation.

Col. John E. Gowan, who obtained the contract for raising these Russian ships, is a New England man, and is still a young man. His name first became familiar to the world by his success in raising the wreck of the U. S. ship Missouri from the waters of the bay of Gibraltar, after the engineers from England and other countries had failed in the attempt. His name was possibly made more directly familiar with the Russian Government from an act of courtesy performed while at work on the hull of the Missouri. A Russian vessel came into the harbor in a damaged condition. To the relief of this vessel Col. Gowan sent a number of his men, and at the same time refused any compensation. Col. Gowan was received in a hospitable manner in St. Petersburg, had a number of interviews with the Grand Duke Constantine, and then proceeded across the country to Sebastopol for the purpose of making a personal investigation of the condition of the ships. He was engaged in this business for several months, having a Russian steamer at his disposal. Here he descended with his submarine armor to the bottom of the harbor and examined the sunken vessels. He found that the channel of the harbor was in the middle with banks upon the sides, that of the north being of sand, and that upon the south of mud. In the sand there were no worms; in the mud they were quite plentiful. Of course the vessels exposed to the attacks of the worms are now of but little value; but it fortunately happens that but a small portion, comparatively, were sunk where they would suffer from the attacks of these worms.

Upon the Colonel's return to St. Petersburg he found no less than thirteen competitors for the contract. Among them were the French Company, known as the "Credit Mobilier." The Imperial Government finally concluded to give the contract to him, and on the most liberal terms. The value of the ships sunk is in the neighborhood of \$65,000,000, and Gowan is to receive a certain per centage of the value of every ship delivered safe into the hands of the Russian Government. The latter is also to furnish from three to five thousand men to assist in the necessary operations. One hundred and fifty men have been engaged in this country, to assist in carrying out the enterprise. The expedition will comprise ship-builders, caulkers, machinists, engineers, laborers, &c. The Russian Government furnishes material for the undertaking, to the amount of \$1,500,000, and it is thought that in two years this immense fleet which took so many years and so much wealth to create will again be proudly afloat, bearing aloft the Russian flag, yet indebted in a very great degree to American industry and genius for thus defiantly waving in the breeze.

Col. Gowan, who was at Sebastopol in November last, gives us some interesting particulars from that famous city. The Russian Government are engaged in rebuilding it. Before the siege it was quite a populous place—containing, it is supposed, about sixty thousand persons. When Col. Gowan was there, there were about sixteen thousand people in the place. Several thousand laborers were then engaged upon the works, and the number was to be largely increased. The old city was famous for its narrow streets, Boston-like; the new city will be built in squares, like Philadelphia. It is also said that there are restrictions against the erection of wooden buildings. The forts are about half destroyed.



A MAP SHOWING THE HARBOR OF SEBASTOPOL AND THE POSITION OF THE SUNKEN SHIPS.